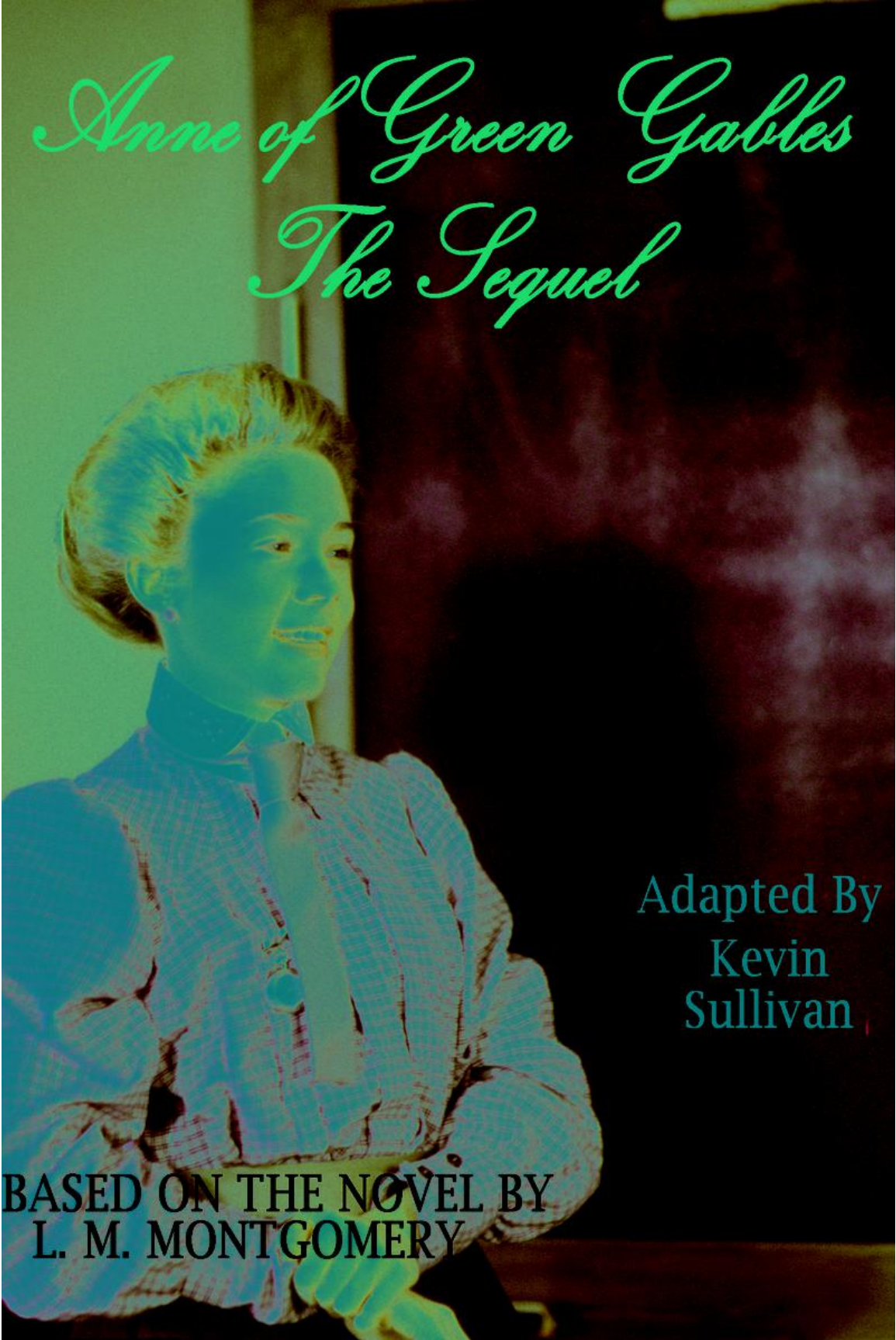


Anne of Green Gables The Sequel



Adapted By
Kevin
Sullivan

BASED ON THE NOVEL BY
L. M. MONTGOMERY

A woman with light brown hair styled in a bun, wearing a red and white checkered dress with a high collar and a brooch. She is looking out a window with a view of a snowy landscape. The background is a soft, out-of-focus view of a winter scene with snow-covered trees and a building.

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ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

The Sequel Screenplay

Adapted By: Kevin Sullivan

A screenplay based in part on '*Anne of Avonlea*', '*Anne of the Island*',
and '*Anne of Windy Poplars*' from "*Anne of Green Gables*"

SMASHWORDS EDITION

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CREDITS

EXT. PEI LANDSCAPE. DAY

Atlantic waves crash against the rugged rocks along the beach. Seagulls cry in the background. A light breeze ripples the water in a calm inlet surrounded by duckweed. Two girls chase each other on a quiet beach.

EXT. GREEN GABLES – DAY

A quaint, white house with a green roof called Green Gables lies nestled in a peaceful meadow surrounded by a forest of dark fir trees.

EXT. AVONLEA – DAY

Sheep graze in the long grass in a farmyard outside Avonlea. A white steepled church can be seen in the distance.

EXT. PRINCE EDWARD ISLAND – SEASHORE – DAY

A white lighthouse stands atop a hill overlooking the sea.

EXT. AVONLEA SHORE ROAD. DAY

ANNE bicycles across the picturesque landscape of Prince Edward Island. She passes a seaside mansion on her left and heads toward a forest of dark fir trees. Seagulls can be heard squawking overhead.

EXT. AVONLEA SHORE ROAD/DUNES DAY

ANNE walks her bicycle up and over a sand dune and gazes out along the red Cavendish cliffs overlooking the Gulf of St. Lawrence. The wind blows in her face and sends a chill of inspiration through her. She recites several lines of prose to herself as she stares out across the ocean.

ANNE

"Where is sleep?"

"Over the mountains of the moon, down the valley of the shadow, 'neath the waves of the deep gulf stream", replied the handsome duke in dark, languid tones.

ANNE runs down the hill and plops down in the sand. She opens her bag frantically and fishes for her pen and her notebook. She takes her manuscript out of its file, flips open to the last page and begins scribbling said prose down, mumbling the words to herself. She looks up, chewing on the end of her pencil, trying to improve the sentence.

ANNE (CONT'D)

...in dark languid tones....

In dark foreboding tones....

(She starts to write again)

He fervently stroked her alabaster brow and she fell under his cloak of darkness.

ANNE falls backwards into the sand melodramatically, lost in a daydream. As she lies swooning over her own prose, a sea breeze scatters her notes across the sand and up and over the sand dune.

EXT. WHITE SANDS/SUMMERHOME. DAY

A sprawling, clapboard summerhome adjoining a lighthouse overlooks the Gulf. ANNE'S pages are carried across the yard of the property by the light breeze and stick to the front verandah screen. A group of wealthy vacationers who have been bathing in the cove sit outside having a picnic. ELVIRA EVANS, a graceful and fashionably dressed chatelaine, converses with MORGAN HARRIS, a tall brooding man in his mid thirties.

HARRIS

There you are.

ELVIRA notices ANNE'S predicament, and points her out to MORGAN.

ELVIRA

Morgan, Look. Do you think she needs help?

EXT. AVONLEA SHORE ROAD/DUNES. DAY

MORGAN looks across the lawn and sees that ANNE is in trouble, now frantically trying to gather her manuscript pages as they flutter across the dunes. HARRIS snatches up a page as it blows past, reads it fleetingly, and walks over to ANNE.

EXT. AVONLEA SHORE ROAD/DUNES. DAY

ANNE is gathering the strewn pages of her manuscript as MORGAN approaches. She looks up to find the dapper gentleman staring down on her.

HARRIS

Are you...a journalist?

ANNE

(flustered)(chuckling)

No...a...a teacher.

No...I'm a writer...actually, I-I write books.

HARRIS nods sagely and smiles.

HARRIS

Oh-ho, books?

He stares for a moment at ANNE charmed by her. ANNE crouches down, clutching onto her papers as she speaks.

ANNE

Books.

HARRIS

I hope nothing is spoiled... or missing.

ANNE

(laughs)

Doesn't matter. I keep it all filed away in my imagination anyway.

ELVIRA approaches from across the dunes.

ELVIRA

Morgan, Morgan! We'll be late for our luncheon!

MORGAN hands ANNE one of her papers.

ANNE

Thank you.

MORGAN

Excuse me.

ELVIRA takes him by the hand, and they stroll back to the house.
ANNE watches, intrigued.

EXT. AVONLEA SCHOOL -- DAY

A group of school children come charging up over the crest of a hill, kicking up sand as they sing and laugh.

CHILDREN

No more pencils, no more books, no more teacher's dirty looks.
(continues under following scenes)

EXT. AVONLEA SCHOOLHOUSE. DAY

ANNE SHIRLEY, is an attractive young schoolmarm of about 18, with splendid auburn hair, done up in the latest "Gibson girl" fashion, bids an affectionate farewell to the last of the stragglers leaving her schoolroom to begin their summer vacation.

ANNE

Bye. Goodbye, Barbara Shaw. Don't forget your lunch pail!

GIRL #1
Goodbye, Miss Shirley.

ANNE
Bye.

JACOB
(overlapping)
Goodbye.

ANNE
Goodbye, Jacob. Good luck in your job at the smithy.

GIRL #2
Goodbye, Miss Shirley!

BOY #1
Bye, Miss Shirley!

ANNE
Bye...
(indistinct)

GIRL #3
(overlapping)
Goodbye, Miss Shirley!

BOY #2
Bye, Miss Shirley!

ANNE
(overlapping)
Bye-bye.

BOY #3
Bye, Miss Shirley!

GIRL #4

Bye, Miss Shirley!

GIRL #5

Bye, Miss Shirley. See you next year.

MINNIE MAY

Bye, Miss Shirley.

ANNE

(laughs)

Goodbye, Minnie May.

GIRL #6

Bye, Miss Shirley!

BOY

(indistinct)

Who's up? Who's up?

ANNE sighs at the passage of an entire school year, then strides back into the schoolhouse.

EXT. AVONLEA SCHOOLHOUSE -- DAY

ANTHONY PYE and TOMMY BELL hid in the shed behind the school and prepare to smoke cigarettes.

TOMMY

Is that how you smoke it?

ANTHONY

Don't you know anything? You've got to lick it to make the paper stick!

MINNIE MAY sneaks up beside the shed, pokes her head in the doorway, sticks out her tongue and gives the boys "raspberries"

ANTHONY (CONT)

What do you want?

MINNIE MAY

My mother says smoking makes your mouth and your ears stick out!

ANTHONY

Your mother's an old wind-bag!

MINNIE MAY

No she is not! I'm gonna tell Miss Shirley you two been smoking!

ANTHONY

You do and I'll lock you up and sic my dog on you!

MINNIE MAY

Will not! Can't catch me! (she raspberries them and runns off. The boys catch her easily) Help! Ahhh! Let me go!

ANTHONY

Let's see how you like being locked up, you little tattletale!

The boys drag her over to the shed and lock her inside.

MINNIE MAY

I'm gonna tell on you two! I'm gonna tell on you two! You are bad boys

-

ANTHONY

See how you like that, you little tattletale!

TOMMY

Ya! And we're gonna sic his dog on you if you say anything!

The boys smile at each other and walk away; leaving MINNIE MAY in the shed, calling for help.

INT. AVONLEA SCHOOLHOUSE – DAY

ANNE erases the farewell message she has written to the class on the blackboard: “With fond remembrance to the brightest, most imaginative class in Prince Edward Island, your teacher, Miss Shirley”. She gathers her briefcase and her apple, takes a last look around the room, then strolls out the door.

EXT. AVONLEA SCHOOLHOUSE -- DAY

ANNE rides her bicycle past the shed and hears MINNIE MAY's cries.

MINNIE MAY

(from inside the shed) I want out!

ANNE

(as she opens the door) Why Minnie May!

MIINIE MAY

Anthony Pye and Tommy Bell locked me in cause I was gonna tell on those two. They were smoking cigarettes. And Anthony's gonna sic his watchdog on me!

ANNE

He'll do no such thing. Now you run along. Your mother will be wondering where you are.

MINNIE MAY

All right, Miss Shirley.

EXT. BRIDGE AND BROOK -- DAY

MR. PYE and his son ANTHONY sit on the banks and fish. ANNE comes over the bridge with her bicycle.

MR PYE

Good-day, Miss Shirley!

ANNE

Good afternoon, Mr. Pye.

MR PYE

Must be glad school's out. I hope my Anthony behaved himself this year...

ANNE

Anthony's grades are quite good and he is well liked by everyone. I understand from Minnie-May Barry that you have an excellent watch-dog looking out for you, Anthony.

MR PYE

Oh, and that's a fact. No foxes around our chicken coop this year, Miss Shirley.

ANTHONY looks very guilty. He knows he's been caught.

ANNE

A finer watch-dog you'll never see, so Minnie May was just telling me. Oh, and thank you Anthony for volunteering with Tommy to whitewash the outhouse for me next Monday. I hear you two are excellent painters. Well, I'll be seeing you then. Monday morning at nine o'clock!

ANNE walks away, leaving the PYEs to fish.

EXT. VILLAGE OF AVONLEA/POST OFFICE. DAY

ANNE bicycles through Avonlea stopping in front of the post office. She hops off her bicycle, goes to the post office door and raps on it.

INT. AVONLEA POST OFFICE. DAY

MRS. HARRISON, the Post Mistress opens the door and peers out at ANNE.

ANNE

I'm sorry, I know you're closed Mrs. Harrison, but I promised Marilla I'd pick up the mail in town today. The Postman he left a registered card in our box yesterday.

MRS. HARRISON lets ANNE in. They walk over to the wicket.

MRS. HARRISON

Lucky you caught us, Anne Shirley. Don't know if I've seen anythin' come through today though.

MRS. SLOANE looks through her slots for "Green Gables", but the wicket is empty.

MRS. SLOANE

No. No Ma'am.

Nothing for Green Gables.

ANNE

(pulling a card from her purse)

But I have a registered card, Mrs. Sloane.

MRS. SLOANE

Oh, just a minute now. Oh, that's right! I remember. One of them big manila envelopes that you been sendin' out recently did come back yesterday, registered mail.

MRS. SLOANE takes a large envelope out of a special oversize mail drawer. She hands it across the counter to MRS. HARRISON who looks at it. MRS. SLOANE opens the registered ledger.

MRS. SLOANE (CONT'D)

Here it is. Looky here. That's right. Yes, here it is here, now. Can't see a thing without my glasses.

MRS. SLOANE passes the envelope to MRS. HARRISON.

MRS. HARRISON

Got your name on it alright. Curtis Publishing Company, Boston. Ain't they magazine people?

ANNE quickly takes the package from MRS. HARRISON before she has an opportunity to snoop further.

ANNE

Must be a complimentary subscription or some such nuisance. Thanks so much for letting me in.

(calling to the back room)

Good afternoon, Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Sloane.

ANNE waltzes out and closes the door behind her.

EXT. AVONLEA POST OFFICE. DAY

ANNE looks disappointed as she rips open the envelope and walks out of the Post Office reading a letter enclosed in the package. She plods toward her bicycle and picks it up, reading the letter as she walks along. Suddenly, GILBERT BLYTHE, a handsome young man of 20 with dark curly hair, grabs the letter from ANNE.

GILBERT

So ...

ANNE

Ah!

GILBERT

This is why you keep disappearing on me every time I plan to pick you up after school!

ANNE tries to grab the letter back from him but GILBERT teases her with it.

ANNE

Gilbert Blythe!

GILBERT

All this secrecy! You never have time to speak to your friends anymore.

ANNE

(grunts)

You give that back to me or I won't speak to you again.

GILBERT

Well. If you're going to be so touchy!

ANNE

Thank you.

ANNE collects herself and marches away, pursued by GILBERT.

GILBERT

You know, people think you've been acting very peculiarly lately and I might as well tell you so. Why didn't you show up at the Carmody Spring Festival? I saved a spot for you at our table.

ANNE

I was busy. I was trying to get my finals marked.

GILBERT

Anne, you had your finals marked and posted with the Board before I did. What are you up to?

ANNE

(frustrated)

Nothing! This is a completely personal matter.

GILBERT

I suppose it must be. If you can't keep your word anymore.

ANNE

(grimaces at him)

Good grief! You know how to try one's patience don't you!

She hops on her bike and rides away.

EXT. AVONLEA ROAD DAY

GILBERT taunts ANNE as he chases her, but she pretends she isn't listening.

GILBERT

Don't get up on your high horse with me, Anne Shirley. I cycled all the way from Carmody to tell you something I found out about Diana Barry today.

ANNE

You are a real pill, Gilbert Blythe! What about Diana Barry?

GILBERT

Uh-uh. Not until you spill the beans.

ANNE

You won't say anything to your folks? Or Jane Andrews? Or Charlie Sloane?

GILBERT

On my honour.

ANNE

And you promise you won't ever tease me about this?

GILBERT

I wouldn't risk your anger!

They stop walking and ANNE hands GILBERT the package from the post office.

GILBERT

(Reading) "Dear Miss Shirley, we regret to return the enclosed manuscript, 'Averil's Atonement', but are unable to accept it for publication. Sincerely yours, Women's Home Journal Magazine?"

ANNE

You know the story I wrote this spring? I'm attempting to have it published.

GILBERT

Anne! That's tremendous! (He rings the bell on Anne's bicycle) Listen to this everybody! Avonlea's public school teacher soon to become world famous Canadian authoress-

ANNE

It hasn't happened yet, you fool! And don't you dare tell anyone!

ANNE hits GILBERT over the head with the manuscript and starts away.

ANNE

Now what's all the fuss about Diana Barry?

GILBERT

Well, from what I understand, she's, uh, going on an extended vacation this summer.

ANNE

Is that all? Well, where is she going?

GILBERT

You mean with whom is she going?

ANNE

Alright, with whom, then? What difference does it make?

GILBERT

Fred Wright obviously makes a lot of difference to her. He's proposed, and Diana has accepted.

ANNE stops short; aghast.

ANNE
Proposed!

GILBERT
Charlie Sloane found out from Fred himself.

ANNE
(horrificed)
Roly-poly Fred Wright?

ANNE leans her bicycle against a tree and sits down on a log at the edge of the road.

ANNE (CONT'D)
But they hardly know each other. Of all the stupid, sentimental things for Diana to do. I didn't even know it was like this. She probably only accepted because Fred was the first person to ever ask her.

GILBERT
Don't be silly. Fred's a terrific fellow.

ANNE
He better steer clear of me. He has no business waltzing in, stealing my best friend.

GILBERT
You're not jealous, are you?

ANNE
(indignantly)
No. Just disappointed. Why do people have to grow up...and marry...change.

GILBERT
Oh you'd change...if someone ever admitted that they were head over heels for you, you'd be swept off your feet in a moment.

ANNE

(cutting him short)

I would not. And I defy anyone to try and make me change.

GILBERT

You do?

ANNE hops on her bicycle. GILBERT walks away, grinning confidently.

EXT. AVONLEA ROAD - DAY

ANNE and GILBERT race their bicycles down a country road.

ANNE

Last one to the bridge is a stuck goose!

ANNE veers off the road and takes a short cut.

GILBERT

Cheaters never prosper, Anne Shirley!

ANNE makes it to the bridge first and GILBERT miscalculates and ends up riding into the brook. ANNE stands dry on the bridge, giggling at GILBERT's plight.

GILBERT

Have had it now, Miss Shirley!

CUT TO: ANNE and GILBERT walking through a grove where they find DIANA BARRY and FRED WRIGHT talking closely and quietly with one another. ANNE and GILBERT interrupt with their giggling.

ANNE

I'm sorry, Diana...

GILBERT

...sorry...um...

ANNE

But Gil, he...fell in the brook...and...

FRED

Well, thank you for the lovely walk, Diana.

DIANA

Please thank your mother for the crochets. Myra Gillis had thirty-seven doilies when she got married and I - I'm determined to have at least as many as she had.

ANNE

I suppose it would be impossible to keep house with only thirty-six doilies. But I assure you, Mister Wright, Diana will be the sweetest little homemaker in the world so long as you can afford to let her keep up with the Gillis'!

FRED

Well...I hope so. Good-day ladies...Gilbert.

FRED leaves.

GILBERT

Well, I'd better go get my bicycle.
I'll talk to you ladies later. Bye.

GILBERT leaves the two friends alone.

DIANA

Anne Shirley! That was...I've never been so humiliated in all my life!
(fighting back tears) That was the meanest!...How could you make fun of me in public?

ANNE

Diana, I wasn't making fun. I was just...teasing. I'm sorry.

DIANA

You always have to be the centre of attention whenever Gilbert Blythe is in anyone's company!

ANNE

That's not true.

They turn to walk. DIANA is struggling to keep back the tears.

ANNE

Please forgive me, Diana. I didn't mean to pick a quarrel.

ANNE

Why couldn't you have told me about you and Fred yourself? I feel like I've lost my best friend.

EXT. GREEN GABLES. DAY

It is a peaceful afternoon at Green Gables. The house and the garden bask in the bright, summer sunshine.

EXT. ROAD TO GREEN GABLES – DAY

ANNE and DIANA, her best friend, stroll along the road to Green Gables.

DIANA

You were so busy writing your book and marking exam papers. It just happened! (she cries freely, now)

And he asked me!

I'm really happy! It's just ridiculous to think of me being engaged to Fred. I don't care what he looks like! He's got a good heart. He's so thoughtful. We'll probably make a pudgy old couple some day. But it doesn't matter.

She recovers her emotions and turns to ANNE

DIANA

Don't you ever mean to get married?

ANNE

Perhaps...if I meet the right one.

DIANA

What about Gilbert?

ANNE

Gilbert's just a chum. I don't care for him in that way. You know what my ideal is, Diana.

DIANA looks at ANNE doubtfully.

DIANA

(as though from memory)

Tall, irresistibly handsome, proud and melancholy.

(smiles)

But people's ideals change sometimes.

ANNE

Mine wouldn't. And I wouldn't care for any man who didn't fulfill them.

DIANA

What if you never meet him?

ANNE

(cheerfully)

Well, then I shall die an old maid.

DIANA

(smiling)

Oh, I suppose you're right to be discriminating. Half the men across the country will be courting you when your story is published.

(naively)

You're gonna be famous, and I'll be so proud.

DIANA (CONT'D)

What is it?

ANNE

Oh...

ANNE sheepishly pulls the envelope from her basket and hands it to DIANA.

ANNE

(sighs)

Woman's Home Journal sent it back.

DIANA

What?! Well their editor must be crazy! What reason did he give?

ANNE

No reason at all. Just a printed slip saying it wasn't acceptable.

DIANA

That's ridiculous. They mustn't have read it. I'm going to cancel my subscription immediately.

ANNE

(dreamily)

"Averil's Atonement" -- It sounded so inspiring and romantic. But you can tell me truthfully, Diana, if you recall... any major faults in my story.

DIANA

(sighs thoughtfully)

Well... the-the part where-where Averil makes the cake... doesn't... it doesn't... it doesn't seem to match the rest of the story.

ANNE

But that's... (sighs)... one of the most romantic parts in the whole story! It's a well-known fact that great ladies of old believed that the culinary arts also fed the soul.

DIANA

Well, I'll have to read it again to remember what my first opinion was. If you let me keep it, maybe I can suggest some changes.

ANNE

You don't know how discouraging it is to get a rejection, Diana. And right when I'm in the midst of writing a new epic, "Rosamund's Revenge". This certainly takes the bloom off the rose.

DIANA

Don't be discouraged, Anne.

ANNE'S unpleasant vision is shattered by an even more unpleasant reality. RACHEL LYNDE marches towards ANNE leading a Jersey cow; her long face is purple with rage.

RACHEL

Anne Shirley, I'm not going to put up with this a day longer!

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I warned Marilla not to let it happen again. Well, it has! Patience has ceased to be a virtue! I want this rumpus stopped right now.

ANNE

(politely)

If you could just calm down and tell me what the trouble is.

RACHEL

Huh! Calm down! First it was our potatoes, then my June lilies, which Thomas planted on our twenty fifth wedding anniversary, now this darn Jersey cow's devoured almost all of my prize-winning cabbages. And if Tillie Boulter walks away with the red ribbon at the Charlottetown Exhibition, you can let Marilla know I am holding her financially responsible.

ANNE

I'm sorry, Mrs. Lynde. Because Dolly is my cow, not Marilla's. Matthew bought her for me two years ago as a calf from Mr. Bell.

RACHEL

Sorry! Well sorry is not going to help the havoc this animal has made trampling through my cabbages and if you think...

ANNE

(firmly)

I am sorry! But the fence that separates your potato field from our pasture is an eyesore, and if you kept it in better repair, Dolly wouldn't have broken in.

RACHEL

(shocked)

A jail fence wouldn't keep that devil out. And what's more, my Thomas has been far too ill the past six months to repair any fences.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

And I know one thing, you red-headed snippet, you'd be better employed fixing that fence yourself rather than mooning around wasting your time writing for some rubbishy magazine

ANNE

(trying to bite her tongue)

I would rather spend my time profitably than squander it in idle gossip, meddling in other people's affairs.

RACHEL gasps in indignation. ANNE tone changes to feigned politeness.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I won't cherish any hard feelings against you because of your narrow-minded opinions. Now thank goodness I have an imagination which allows me to understand how it must be to find a cow amongst prize-winning cabbages. Dolly shall never break into your field again, I give you my word of honour on that point.

RACHEL

(spluttering)

Well! You just make sure that she doesn't!

RACHEL hands the rope, tied around the cow's neck to ANNE, then turns on her heel and marches off down the road.

MARILLA CUTHBERT, ANNE'S guardian and proprietress of Green Gables, comes driving up the road in her buggy. MARILLA stops next to RACHEL, whose immediate nagging precludes any exchange of greetings.

MARILLA

Whoa, whoa, whoa.

RACHEL

Well, Marilla, I hope that canal horse destroys your tomato patch next! And don't expect any sympathy from your girl. I always warned you she had a temper to match her hair!

MARILLA rolls her eyes as RACHEL storms off.

MARILLA

Oh, good Lord!

ANNE locks the milking pen after tying the cow up firmly.

DIANA

She can't possibly get out now unless she tears the fence down. I never realized that Mrs. Lynde was such a crank.

ANNE

There's certainly nothing of the kindred spirit in her.

ANNE and DIANA walk off arm in arm.

EXT. VERANDAH/GREEN GABLES --DAY

ANNE and MARILLA sit together. MARILLA finishes reading the rejection letter from Women's Home Journal.

MARILLA

You set your heart too much on frivolous things, then crash down into despair when you don't get them.

ANNE

I know! I can't help flying up on the wings of anticipation. It's as glorious as soaring through a sunset. Almost pays for the thud!

MARILLA

Well, maybe it does. But I'd rather wlaak calmly along and do without both flying and thud.

EXT. PASTURE/GREEN GABLES. - DAY

ANNE and MARILLA walk through the pasture together past some grazing cows.

ANNE

Martin's forgotten the cows on Orchard Slope! (looking to Marilla) I was polite as I could be under the circumstances, Marilla. And I apologized despite her stinging personal remarks!

MARILLA

Rachel specializes in getting under people's skin, I know, but you ought to have bit your tongue, Anne. Seeing as we were in the wrong...

ANNE

I ought to have sold Dolly to Gilbert's father a month ago when he wanted to buy her. I thought it was just as well to wait 'till the auction and let all the stock go together. (calling out) Martin! There are two more cows!

MARILLA

Rachel will get over this. Her nerves have been raw lately and deservedly so. Thomas is pretty bad, and Doctor Spencer says that he

won't be with us for very long.

MARTIN herds some of the cattle in and then runs back for a few stragglers.

ANNE

I hope she doesn't have to sell her farm. It'd be a terrible loss. I mean, I know how we felt when Matthew died.

MARILLA pauses and turns to ANNE.

MARILLA

Anne, I've wanted to talk to you about something for awhile. I know you've been content enough here, but I never feel at ease thinking of how you have given up so much of your own opportunity.

ANNE

Marilla, I couldn't leave you alone here! Besides, I probably make a much better teacher than a writer any day.

MARILLA

Oh, Anne. You have been my comfort and my joy since Matthew passed away. But I promised myself when you gave up the Avery scholarship to stay home, I'd make it up to you one day.

ANNE

I've never been sorry I've stayed for a moment.

ANNE closes the gate and they walk across the pasture.

MARILLA

Mr. Barry's really taken over the farm almost completely, Anne. My eyesight is so much better now I can manage with Martin. Perhaps one of the Picard girls over in Rustico could board with me for awhile...so you could dust off some of your ambitions if you like. What do you think about that?

ANNE

Marilla, I feel as though someone's handed me the moon, and I don't exactly know what to do with it.

MARILLA

Matthew and I spent 40 years looking after Papa. Perhaps I never mentioned it before, but...I can't help but confess it was with a regretful heart at times.

ANNE

You had a little bit of romance in your own life, Marilla.

MARILLA

You wouldn't think it to look at me, would you. But you can never tell about people from their outsides.

ANNE

Do you suppose that Mr. Blythe remembers that he was your beau?

MARILLA

Stuff and nonsense. Nope, nope, that's enough now. No more foolishness.

ANNE

Oh... it seems so funny and horrible to think of Diana marrying Fred, doesn't it?

MARILLA

What is so horrible about it?

ANNE

Well he certainly isn't the wild, dashing young man Diana used to want to marry. Fred is extremely good.

MARILLA

That is exactly what he should be. Would you want to marry a wicked man?

ANNE

Well, I wouldn't marry anyone who was really wicked. But, I think I'd like it if he could be wicked... and wouldn't

MARILLA

You'll have more sense someday, I hope.

EXT. AVONLEA STREET --DAY

JOSIE PYE and MRS. PYE stand outside the post office, gossiping.

JOSIE

I believe Anne Shirley just copied that story. I am sure I remember reading it in the newspaper years ago!

MRS. PYE

Well, I'm sorry to hear she's taken to writing novels at all! Nobody born and bred in Avonlea would do it!

INT. POST OFFICE/AVONLEA DAY

MRS. HARRISON is searching for the Cuthbert mail in the letter slot. ANNE is licking stamps on several envelopes.

MRS. HARRISON

Been writin' any more stories lately, Miss Shirley?

ANNE

(crisply)

No, Mrs. Harrison.

MRS. HARRISON

Well no offense meant. Mabel Sloane here says she found another one of them big manila envelopes come through a couple of weeks ago, that's all.

MRS. SLOANE is working in the back sorting mail at a desk in the back.

MRS. SLOANE

Hmm, it was addressed to the Rolling Reliable Baking Powder Company in Montreal. I suspicioned that somebody was tryin' for that prize they're offerin' for best story introducin' their new Baking Powder. The address wasn't in your handwritin', though.

ANNE

(lofty)

I should hope not! I'd never dream of competing for anything so disgraceful. It would be almost as bad as Jake Griffith's Chataghua Show.

ANNE exits the post office, her nose in the air.

EXT. POST OFFICE/AVONLEA DAY

JOSIE and MRS. PYE are still outside.

MRS. PYE

But, then that's what comes from Marilla Cuthbert adopting an orphan from goodness knows where or what kind of parents --OH!

They smile fakely as ANNE exits the post office.

JOSIE

Why Anne, congratulations!

MRS. PYE

You have such a way of putting Avonlea on the map!

ANNE

Well, thank you...but what do you mean? Congratulations for what?

JOSIE

You were always such a terrible fake at modesty, Anne. Even during public school.

MRS. PYE

Well, there's nothing fake about the business Lawson's General Store intends to do from all this!

JOSIE

(To Anne) And I think that blue you're wearing is so dramatic for a young authoress. You almost look pretty in it!

ANNE

Don't say things you don't mean, Josie.

ANNE leaves.

JOSIE

That Anne Shirley is so smug!

MRS. PYE

That girl always did give herself airs!

CUT TO: As ANNE walks along, a sickening feeling overcomes her. She notes a strange air of excitement permeating the air. Several townsfolk, carrying pamphlets of some sort, stop to express their congratulations for a reason as yet unknown to ANNE.

BOY #1

Congratulations.

BOY #2

Congratulations.

TOWNSMAN

Congratulations, Anne.

TOWNSWOMAN
(indistinct)

WOMAN ON STREET
It's a wonderful story Anne, congratulations.

TOWNSWOMAN
(indistinct)

MAN ON STREET
Splendid story Anne, you deserve the best.

TOWNSWOMAN
(indistinct)

TOWNSMAN
Congratulations, Miss... (indistinct)

ANTHONY PIE emerges from a shed, hoe in hand, and calls out to her.

ANTHONY PIE
Congratulation on your story, Miss Shirley. I really like the bit about the cake.

ANNE smiles feebly as she hurries along, confused.

EXT. LAWSON'S GENERAL STORE/AVONLEA. – DAY

ANNE stops in front of Lawson's General Store. A young man is hanging a large banner proclaiming: "CONGRATULATIONS ANNE SHIRLEY, Avonlea's own winner of ROLLINGS RELIABLE STORY COMPETITION".

ANNE
Great Jehosophat!

ANNE crosses the street anxiously and marches into the store.

INT. LAWSON'S GENERAL STORE DAY

ALICE LAWSON stops talking to her customers and rushes toward ANNE as she enters. Everyone in the entire store has pamphlets of ANNE'S story. The store is abuzz about ANNE.

ALICE

Anne Shirley, we've been trying to track you down everywhere! Oh, Ladies and Gentlemen, may I present to you Avonlea's famous authoress...

As ALICE begins to applaud, The entire store looks up and immediately joins in. ALICE leads ANNE to the dry goods section, where numerous copies of ANNE'S prize-winning story have been placed.

ALICE (CONT'D)

Father, come out here!

MR. LAWSON spots ANNE and eagerly comes out from the storage room to greet her.

MR. LAWSON

Oh, my goodness, Miss Shirley!

ANNE

(quietly, but emphatically)

I don't understand.

ALICE

You won the contest, you goose! And I knew you'd go and do it all behind our backs, too!

MR. LAWSON takes an envelope out of the bottom of his cash register. He opens it and waves it about the crowd.

MR. LAWSON

Quiet everyone! Q-Q-Quiet please! It is my great pleasure as official purveyor to Avonlea of the... Rolling Reliable Baking Powder Company to read this, the following tribute:

MR.LAWSON (CONT'D)

Miss Anne Shirley, Green Gables, P.E.I. Dear Madam: We have much pleasure in informing you that your charming story "Averil's Atonement"

(everyone claps) has won the one hundred dollar grand prize in our recent competition for the best story introducing the name of our revered product...

MR. LAWSON holds up the cheque. ANNE looks horrified by the whole affair.

MR. LAWSON (CONT'D)

The prize will be presented by Mr. Charles Lawson of Lawson's General, Avonlea. (MR. LAWSON bows and smiles)

We have arranged publication of the story in several prominent newspapers across the country and will supply it in pamphlet form for distribution among our patrons.

MR. LAWSON (CONT'D)

Thanking you for the interest you have shown in supporting our enterprises. We remain, Yours very truly, The Rollings Reliable Baking Powder Company.

Everyone cheers, but ANNE seems thoroughly embarrassed as she accepts the cheque.

ALICE

You'll sign mine won't you? Here.

(to the crowd)

Oh, and I'm sure Miss Shirley will be happy to sign everybody's brochures! And don't forget your purchase of this remarkable product!

Meanwhile, DIANA BARRY pushes her way up front through the crowded store.

DIANA

Anne! (indistinct) Oh, I'm wild with delight! Oh, I was sure it would win when I sent it in to the competition.

ANNE

Diana Barry!

DIANA

(speaking excitedly)

Yes, I did! I thought of your story in a minute when I saw the ad in the paper!

All of the store's patrons push forward, offering their congratulations and requesting ANNE'S autograph. ANNE extricates herself from the store as politely as she can, and LAWSONS are too busy selling baking powder to take notice.

TOWNSPERSON

Over here, Miss Shirley... (indistinct)

ANNE

Excuse me... Thank you... (indistinct)

DIANA

Well, I was going to tell you to send it in yourself... but I figured you had so little faith left in it you wouldn't... so I sent my copy. Then if you hadn't won, you'd never have known because the stories that failed weren't being sent back.

EXT. LAWSON'S GENERAL STORE/AVONLEA. DAY

DIANA looks closely at ANNE. ANNE'S face is full of surprise but devoid of the delight that Diana had expected.

DIANA

Why, Anne, you don't seem a bit pleased.

ANNE

Of course, I couldn't be anything but pleased. It was the gesture of a true friend to try to boost my spirits. But there isn't a word about... baking powder.

DIANA takes ANNE'S arm and marches her triumphantly down the street that nothing is wrong.

DIANA

Oh, I put that in. I was easy as a wink. You know that scene where Averil makes the cake? Well, I just stated that she used Rollings Reliable and that's why it turned out so well.

DIANA (CONT'D)

See... and then here, in the last paragraph where Percival clasps Averil in his arms and says "Sweetheart, the beautiful coming years will bring us the fulfillment of our house of dreams", I added "in which we will never use any baking powder except Rollings Reliable".

ANNE sighs.

DIANA

(kissing ANNE'S cheek)

Come on, I have the buggy. I'll take you home.

They and climb into DIANA'S surrey.

DIANA (CONT'D)

(jubilantly)

You've won a hundred dollars! Prissy Grant told me that "Canadian Women" only pays five dollars a story!

EXT. AVONLEA ROAD DAY

The girls drive along a long peaceful lane lined with many trees. ANNE still looks troubled.

ANNE

I can't take it's rightfully yours Diana. You sent the story in and made the alterations...

ANNE (CONT'D)

I...certainly wouldn't have sent it. So you have to take it.

DIANA

(scornfully)

I'd like to see myself. It wasn't any trouble, Anne. The honour of being the best friend of the prize winner is enough for me. (smiling) I'm so glad for your sake.

ANNE recognizes DIANA'S sincerity and good intentions. In an instant she changes her mind about keeping the money.

ANNE

I think you're the sweetest and truest friend in the world, Diana. I will buy your wedding gift with this.

DIANA is simultaneously pleased and embarrassed.

DIANA

Don't you dare spend it all on me!

ANNE takes out her mail.

ANNE

I got a letter today from our dear, old teacher, Miss Stacey.
(scanning the letter)

She is head of the King's County Board of Education in New Brunswick.

DIANA

What a promotion!

ANNE

Well, apparently there's a position she has recommended me for at a Ladies College in Kingsport.

DIANA

How flattering! But you wouldn't actually leave, would you?

ANNE

No. But I ought to reply anyway. She's gone to all this trouble and I w-...

ANNE stops mid-sentence unable to believe her eyes. Before her is a Jersey cow standing amidst the LYNDE'S late oats field. ANNE grabs the reigns from DIANA to stop the surrey. She jumps out and whisks over the fence before DIANA realizes what is happening.

ANNE

Stop Diana!

DIANA

Anne! You'll ruin your dress in that muddy field. Ruin it! Oh, you'll never get that cow out by yourself.

Irritated, DIANA hops down from the carriage and runs after Anne.

DIANA (CONT'D)

Anne, come back, stop! Anne Shirley you are being ridiculous! Get out of this field this minute!

ANNE

I don't care about my dress!

(gasping)

I must get the cow before Rachel Lynde sees her.

Soon DIANA catches up with ANNE, who is too exhausted to run any further. DIANA continues to chase the cow.

ANNE

Well, run, Diana, run! Corner her!

ANNE (CONT'D)

(gasping)

That's it Diana, now don't frighten her.

ANNE trudges up to the bog where DIANA waits, looking at the Jersey cow and pondering her next move.

EXT. BOG IN LYNDE'S FIELD. DAY

Finally they get the cow cornered in the bog near the Cuthbert field where the fence is in disrepair. ANNE catches her breath.

ANNE

(gasping)

This is what we've got to do.

DIANA

(gasps)

ANNE

(gasping)

Maybe if we can... get a hold of her, we can force her over the fence into our field. Okay, you fill the gap, and I'm gonna make a run for it straight towards her. With any luck she'll jump the fence.

DIANA

(indistinct)

You don't mean you're gonna actually going to walk through that mulch, do you?

ANNE

It's the lesser of the two evils, Diana. I mean, what if she is gonna get into Rachel's cabbage patch again?

ANNE approaches the cow cautiously, she picks up a branch to direct it with. DIANA hopelessly wades through the ankle deep mud.

DIANA

Alright, I have the gap blocked.

ANNE

Hey Dolly. Good girl. Shoo! Come on... wretched cow! Don't even think about Rachel's cabbages.

Just when ANNE is confident she has the cow cornered against the broken fence, she falls face first into the mud. DIANA screams as she races toward her. When she tries to help ANNE out of the mud, they both stumble and fall down together.

ANNE

(grunts)

DIANA

(whines)

ANNE

Sorry!

ANNE is stunned and embarrassed as she looks up to find Gilbert standing before her.

GILBERT

(teasingly)

Well, the elegant and illustrious Miss Shirley. Uh, relaxed while seeking out ideas for her next Rollings Reliable writing assignment, I presume.

ANNE

Well do you suppose I'm here to chat with the bullfrogs.

(she lifts her arm)

Be a gentleman.

GILBERT offers one hand to ANNE and the other to DIANA.

GILBERT

(chuckling)

You'd have been better off selling her last month when Dad offered to buy her.

ANNE

Well, I'll sell Dolly to him now, right now if he wants her.

ANNE plods over to the fence and calls out to MR. BLYTHE, GILBERT'S father, who laughs heartily as he watches the commotion from his buggy.

ANNE (CONT'D)

You may have our darn Jersey any time you want her, Mr. Blythe. This very minute for that matter!

JOHN BLYTHE

(laughing)

Done! I'll give you the twenty dollars for her I offered before. Gil can drive her over to Carmody right now. She'll go to town with the rest of the shipment this evening. I promised Mr. Reed of Brighton a Jersey.

DIANA

W-What will Marilla say?

ANNE

She won't care. Dolly was my cow anyway. It's not likely she'll bring more than twenty dollars at the auction.

ANNE (CONT'D)

But when Rachel sees this field she'll know Dolly was loose.

GILBERT has the cow tied up in no time and is leading her down the road to where his father is waiting. He calls back to ANNE.

GILBERT

Anne, I'll be over this afternoon with your twenty dollars.

ANNE

Well, this has taught me a lesson not stake my word of honour on cows.

EXT. GREEN GABLES/LANEWAY. LATE AFTERNOON

ANNE, in a charming summer dress, is carrying a basket of freshly picked wildflowers as she and GILBERT walk down a beautiful country lane.

ANNE

How do you think a mother would feel if she found her child tattooed all over with a baking powder advertisement? I love my story and I wrote it out of the best that was in me.

GILBERT

You're just tired. Besides, why should you care? A hundred bucks is more than your make in two months teaching anyway.

ANNE

Josey Pye and Tilly Boulter can't wait to pounce on it.

GILBERT

Yeah, they're spiteful old cats. You're just the first person in pokey, old Avonlea to try anything like that

GILBERT consolingly reaches for ANNE'S arm, but she quickly pulls away

GILBERT

All pioneers are considered to be afflicted with moonstruck madness.

ANNE

Mad to think I could write anything baking powder advertisement... (dramatically) This has dampened any spark of ambition. I shall never write another story again.

GILBERT

Aw, I wouldn't give up altogether. Maybe if you just let your characters speak everyday English... instead of all the high faluting mumbo jumbo.

ANNE

You think my story is full of flaws too, don't you?

GILBERT

(teasingly)

"Wilt thou give up thy garter, oh fairest of the fair." (laughs) Anne nobody speaks that way. Look at that sad Percival who sits around mooning the entire time and never lets the girl get a word in edgewise. In real life she'd've pitched him!

ANNE

His poetry would win any girl's heart.

ANNE marches ahead, pretending to ignore GILBERT'S comments.

GILBERT

Well, if you want my opinion, Miss Shirley, I'd write about places I knew something of, and about people that spoke everyday English instead of these... silly schoolgirl romances.

ANNE

I don't share your opinion.

ANNE continues to ignore GILBERT. Irritated, he takes his riding crop and wallops her on the behind mischievously. ANNE recoils in shock.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I am not your horse Mr. Blythe.

GILBERT tries to stifle a laugh.

GILBERT

I was just trying to give you a bit of friendly advice.

ANNE

Is that so?

GILBERT

Take the hundred dollars and write a real story about the people you care about... right here in Avonlea.

ANNE

Well, you certainly wouldn't be one of them.

ANNE (CONT'D)

(sobbing)

Pitching and mooning! You know you're about as intellectual as Charlie and Moody and Fred (sniffs) and all the rest of the boys who could (choke) only think of finding some silly girl to marry and keep house for them!

GILBERT

Well, you can cry and feel sorry for yourself all you want, but it won't help you write a better novel!

GILBERT (CONT'D)

Will you still come to Fred's clambake with me next Tuesday?

ANNE shakes her head proudly.

GILBERT (CONT'D)

Listen, Anne, I'm sorry. Will you let me walk you back?

GILBERT (CONT'D)

I was just trying to be helpful, you know you get my back up sometimes.

GILBERT (CONT'D)

Listen, I'm sorry. What else can I do?

ANNE takes her basket and clobbers GILBERT as hard as she can, causing him to fall backwards.

ANNE

Let me get a word in edgewise once in a while before I pitch you!

ANNE storms across the field toward Green Gables. GILBERT mounts his horse and pursues her.

EXT. GREEN GABLES VERANDAH/YARD TWILIGHT

MARILLA sits as MR. TOM BLYTHE, her old beau rides up in a carriage.

TOM

Good-day, Marilla

MARILLA

Well, Tom Blythe. We haven't seen you around these parts much lately.

TOM

Well, I haven't had much time for social calls nowadays. Old place still looks as pretty, though.

MARILLA

The old buildings are getting worn down, but people in Avonlea still say that it's the loveliest old spot on the North Shore.

TOM

Well, it is that. Some things never change, even in thirty years. I'm looking for my boy.

MARILLA

Yes. Anne and he are walking by the pond. Maybe, would you like to sit awhile until they come back?

TOM

Thanks. But we're taking a shipment into Charlottetown before dark. I'd best go and find him.

Just then, ANNE stomps through the field towards the house, GILBERT calls to her from the road.

GILBERT

Anne... what about your twenty dollars? For the cow?

ANNE marches past MARILLA who is sitting on the verandah. ANNE slams the door behind her and runs upstairs to her room.

TOM

The apple doesn't fall far from the tree, does it? Good-day Marilla.

TOM BLYTHE laughs quietly and starts away in the carriage. MARILLA rolls her eyes and follows ANNE upstairs to her room.

INT. GREEN GABLES/ANNE'S BEDROOM. EVENING

ANNE is sobbing on her bed as MARILLA opens the door quietly and walks in. She sits down on the edge of the bed and comforts ANNE with her touch.

MARILLA

There, there. You take things too much to heart, Anne Shirley.

ANNE

(sobbing)

Oh Marilla, it's (chokes)been such a Jonah... day with Rollings
Reliable, and Dolly...(chokes)
and Gilbert.

MARILLA

Now, now. Jonah days come to everybody. God knows best. You used to
say: (smiling)"Tomorrow is always fresh with no mistakes." Do you
remember?

ANNE nods feeling reassured.

MARILLA (CONT'D)

(laughs)

Ohh, what a girl you were for making mistakes in them days... Hmm? I
used to think you were possessed. Mind the time you dyed your hair?

(laughs)

ANNE stops sobbing and faces MARILLA.

MARILLA (CONT'D)

Oh Lord!

ANNE

Oh, what a worry my (chuckling)red hair used to be! Um, I'm afraid
I've never been able to endure personal criticism very well. Gilbert gave
his honest opinion of my story this afternoon. (indistinct) My temper, it
always gets the better of me! I whipped him as hard as I could.

MARILLA

I'm glad to hear it. The Blythes have always been far too opinionated
for their own good.

ANNE

(shaking her head) No, Marilla. He was right and I've made a terrible idiot of myself! You don't know how spiteful I was.

MARILLA
(dryly)
I can imagine.

ANNE
Our friendship, it won't ever be the same now. Why can't he just be sensible instead of acting like a sentimental schoolboy.

MARILLA takes a deep breath, then looks ANNE straight in the eye.

MARILLA
Because he loves you.

ANNE
(Shocked)
He loves me? Well, I can't know why.

MARILLA
Because, you make Josie Pye and Ruby Gillis and all of those wishy washy young ladies who've waltzed by him look like spineless nothings.

ANNE
But Gil and I... He's hardly my idea of a romantic suitor.

MARILLA
You have tricked something out of that imagination of yours that you call romance. Have you forgotten how he gave up Avonlea School for you so that you could stay here with me? He picked you up everyday in his carriage so that you could study your courses together. Don't toss it away, Anne for some ridiculous ideal that doesn't exist.

MARILLA caresses ANNE's cheek. ANNE smiles and wipes her eyes.
MARILLA smooths out the rumpled bedcovers and gets ANNE up.

MARILLA (CONT'D)

Now, you come downstairs and see if a good cup of tea and some of those plum puffs that I made today don't hearten you.

ANNE pulls herself up in a woebegone fashion.

ANNE

Plum puffs won't minister to a mind diseased and a world that has crumbled into pieces.

MARILLA

Well I'm glad to see your dented spirits haven't injured your tongue.

ANNE goes downstairs with MARILLA. MARILLA smiles to herself thinking it a good sign that ANNE has recovered sufficiently to adopt a quotation.

EXT. GREEN GABLES. MORNING

Dappled sunlight pours through the barnyard behind Green Gables. A cow moos and chickens scurry across the yard.

INT. GREEN GABLES/KITCHEN. -- MORNING

MARILLA stirs ingredients in a bowl while ANNE re-reads Miss Stacey's letter at the table.

MARILLA

I suppose it's just as well you sold the darn cow. But you do do things in a dreadful, headlong fashion! I only pray that Rachel doesn't burst a blood vessel when she sees her potato fields today.

ANNE

I've decided to write Miss Stacey and ask her for the particulars on this ladies college.

MARILLA

I think that's a wise idea, Anne. Go out and find me a couple of eggs, will you?

ANNE

I don't know how in heaven's name Dolly got out of that pen! She must have broken some of the boards.

ANNE grabs the basket and leaves.

EXT. GREEN GABLES/BARNYARD. MORNING

ANNE walks towards the chicken coop...and waltzes past the milking pen, which is still intact. A cow moos as ANNE walks past. She freezes and turns around staring at the cow dazedly. ANNE is frozen in horror.

ANNE

Oh no! Marilla! Dolly's here!

MARILLA hurries out of the kitchen onto the back verandah. The milking pen is obscured by the corner of the house from MARILLA's vantage.

MARILLA

Anne, what in heaven's name is the matter with you?

ANNE crosses the yard.

ANNE

Oh, whatever shall I do? This is terrible. And it's all my fault. I must learn to reflect a little before I go charging ahead recklessly.

MARILLA steps down off the verandah.

MARILLA

Anne Shirley, you are the most exasperating girl! What is it that you've done?

ANNE

I've sold Rachel Lynde's Jersey cow... The one they bought in Carmody last spring...to Mr. Blythe...and Dolly is here this very minute in the milking pen.

MARILLA

Anne are you dreaming?

MARILLA marches around to the milking pen at the side of the house.

ANNE

I only wish I were. There's no dream about it, though it's very much like a nightmare.

MARILLA

That is Dolly.

ANNE

Rachel Lynde's cow is in Charlottetown by now. Oh Marilla, I thought I was finished getting into scrapes and here I am in the very worst one I ever was in my entire life. What can I do?

MARILLA

Do? There is nothing to do but to go and tell Rachel the truth. You are just going to have to learn to settle down and pay more heed to things.

MARILLA takes off her apron and heads back into the house.

ANNE

I've humiliated myself into the very dust. Maybe she'd accept a plate of plum puffs as a peace offering.

EXT. RACHEL LYNDE'S FARM. AFTERNOON

ANNE and MARILLA walk in tandem up the flagstone path to RACHEL's yellow clapboard farmstead. They carry a peace offering: a plate of plum puffs. RACHEL is enjoying her afternoon on the vine shaded

verandah with a glass of cranberry juice. Her husband THOMAS, is sitting in a wheel chair, covered with a plaid blanket, snoozing, when she realizes who is coming up the path she springs to her feet and hurries into the house.

RACHEL's abrupt disappearance sweeps the last remnant of courage from ANNE's heart. She turns to MARILLA.

ANNE

Oh no. If she's that cross what will she be when I say what I've done.

MARILLA

If she gives you the chance to say anything at all.

INT. RACHEL LYNDE'S PARLOUR. AFTERNOON

RACHEL quickly begins searching through a stack of papers on her parlor desk.

EXT. RACHEL LYNDE'S FARM. AFTERNOON

MARILLA (CONT)

Afternoon Thomas.

THOMAS

(smiles feebly)

Afternoon Marilla.

They walk up on the verandah. RACHEL comes and opens the screen door and steps out onto the verandah.

MARILLA

Afternoon Rachel.

RACHEL puts on her most imperious performance.

RACHEL

Marilla. Anne. I'm glad you've come. I certainly had no intention of visiting you people after being flown at, as I was, on my last visit.

ANNE looks at MARILLA.

MARILLA

Well it would appear that some kind of...

(searching for the right word)

...cafuffle has come out of this; Anne would like to...

RACHEL

Please Marilla, I'm not finished yet!

MARILLA is quite taken aback.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

On reflection, I realized that I was partly to blame. I had no right to be so ill tempered with you; and I'm not one of them that can never be brought to own up to their mistake.

By now ANNE's mouth has practically fallen open.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

I'd like to apologize to you Anne Shirley. And I wonder if you'd sign...

RACHEL unfolds a green pamphlet from her apron and hands it to ANNE with a pen.

RACHEL (CONT'D)

My copy of your "Averil's Atonement". The money they pay for such lies is perfectly amazing. But, I read it to my Thomas and we were both moved. I'm much obliged to you as it's the only entertainment he's had for the past six months.

THOMAS

I laughed so hard, I'm not sure it wasn't good for my heart.

ANNE

I'm so pleased.

ANNE smiles feebly, signs it and passes it back. RACHEL opens the screen door.

RACHEL

Come and lay off your things. You'll stay to tea, won't you?

MARILLA

Thank you, Rachel.

INT. RACHEL LYNDE'S FARM/PARLOUR/SUMMER KITCHEN DAY

RACHEL tucks THOMAS' blanket around him and wheels him inside. MARILLA looks at ANNE. They proceed into the parlor. RACHEL escorts them to sit down. She wheels THOMAS past them into the summer kitchen. MARILLA places her plate of plum puffs on the tea table.

RACHEL

It's nothing short of a wonder how you've improved Anne; in looks and talent! I'm not overly partial to the pale, wide eyed style myself. I prefer more snap and colour. But you do make all them other Avonlea girls with showy good looks seem kinda overdone. Like my June lilies alongside them big, red peonies, that's what. Here's your tea Thomas.

THOMAS

I don't want any tea.

RACHEL tucks a blanket around THOMAS and moves him over beside the screen door looking out onto the verandah.

RACHEL

Now Thomas, you just finish your nap here and get some fresh air.

ANNE bridles. MARILLA winks at ANNE. ANNE talks to her from the other room.

ANNE

I really...I wanted to confess something to you Mrs. Lynde...it's about the Jersey cow.

RACHEL

I saw my trampled potato field this morning. Never mind Anne. It makes no difference now.

RACHEL enters the parlor and sets down her tea service.

ANNE

If only it were that Mrs. Lynde. But it's ten times worse.

RACHEL

Well you're never safe from surprise till you're dead. Don't tell she's done in the last of my cabbages too!

ANNE

It's not the cabbages Mrs. Lynde, and I'll tell you everything...but please don't interrupt. It makes me nervous.

THOMAS interrupts, calling feebly from the kitchen.

THOMAS

Rachel!

RACHEL

Thomas. You're supposed to be snoozing.

ANNE

You see Diana and I chased a certain Jersey cow out of your potato field yesterday. Well you can't imagine what a difficult time we had. I was so dreadfully tired and wet and cross after it all that I sold the cow on the spot to the Blythes for twenty dollars.

RACHEL

Tut, tut. I hope you're not vexed with her, Marilla. She should have consulted you first. So long as my cabbages are safe, we'll just pretend it didn't happen.

ANNE

You see...this morning I found my Dolly still shut up in our milking pen...

RACHEL looks blankly at MARILLA and ANNE.

MARILLA

(speeding things up)

It was your cow that Anne sold to John Blythe, Rachel.

ANNE

And it was shipped out right away on the afternoon train by Mr. Blythe.

MARILLA

You'll find that our Jersey is as good as yours or perhaps you'd prefer the twenty dollars.

RACHEL's tone has now changed considerably. She stands up.

RACHEL

Marilla Cuthbert! We paid more than fifty dollars for our cow and I have no intention of accepting that varmint of yours in exchange.

MARILLA stands up.

MARILLA

You have admitted you are partially to blame for all of this.

RACHEL

(turning to Anne)

Anne Shirley you are too heedless and impulsive. You just go on and do whatever comes into your head, that's what! Well in this world you pay for your mistakes. And you can certainly afford to pay now.

MARILLA

Well you have certainly made a fine exhibition of yourself Rachel, falling all over this girl, because she's a success. It's plain to see now what your true colours are.

RACHEL's mouth drops open. THOMAS calls her again.

THOMAS

Rachel!

RACHEL

I'm coming Thomas. Oh that man! If he'd just brave up and exert his will power a little he'd get better in no time.

RACHEL gets up and leaves the room.

MARILLA

It's a wonder to me that he dared to get sick at all without asking her permission.

MARILLA picks up her cake plate.

MARILLA (CONT'D)

Come along Anne. We'll pay her fifty dollars.

RACHEL is heard off camera. THOMAS moans. There is a crash.

INT. RACHEL LYNDE'S SUMMER KITCHEN. AFTERNOON

MARILLA and ANNE run into the kitchen. THOMAS' wheel chair has overturned and RACHEL is desperately trying to restore him to consciousness as he lies on the floor.

RACHEL

Thomas! Thomas! Oh dear God please don't take him. What is it Thomas?

THOMAS mumbles. RACHEL has crumbled. She cradles THOMAS in her arms trying to revive him, oblivious to MARILLA and ANNE.

MARILLA

Where is his medicine Rachel?

RACHEL

It's in the cupboard.

MARILLA and ANNE fish through the cupboard.

ANNE

Is this it?

RACHEL

Yes.

ANNE excitedly tries to pour out his medicine into a spoon.

THOMAS

Rachel.

RACHEL

Yes Thomas, what is it?

THOMAS

I...

RACHEL is crying now. THOMAS expires.

RACHEL

What is it? I can't hear you!

MARILLA gently pushes RACHEL aside and tries his pulse. She then lays her ear over his heart. She looks up into their anxious faces.

MARILLA

Oh Rachel. I'm afraid there's nothing we can do.

INT. GREEN GABLES/ANNE'S ROOM -- DAY

ANNE is dressing for an outing as she hears MARIILA and RACHEL speak below.

INT. GREEN GABLES/KITCHEN -- DAY

MARIILA serves RACHEL and herself some tea. RACHEL is in mourning attire

RACHEL

I expect I'll go west to my Robert. If he'll have me. The farm is mortgaged and now it will have to be sold.

MARILLA

Now Rachel. Pull yourself together.

RACHEL

Well, I'm no jellyfish, but a woman my age doesn't make friends and interests easily, that's all. It breaks my heart to think of leaving Avonlea!

ANNE enters. Ready to go out.

ANNE

How are you feeling tonight, Rachel?

RACHEL

A little better, I think. Thank you, Anne. Here is my gift. Paid for out the proceeds of the Jersey cow. Not much of a party gift, but you tell them that I plan to give them my zig-zag quilt as a wedding present.

MARILLA

Anne, you haven't worn that outfit in ages! You look lovely.

ANNE

Thank you, Marilla.

RACHEL

Gilbert Blythe will be mighty proud. Why isn't he here yet?

MARILLA

(to Anne) Put on your sweater. It's going to be cool this evening.

ANNE

I-I'm going alon, Rachel. I hope you don't mind my taking the cariage, Marilla.

MARILLA

No,no. You did put my name o the card, I hope.

ANNE

Of course, Marilla. Good-bye now. Good-bye Rachel.

MARILLA

Have a wonderful time.

RACHEL

Be careful that you don't get your skirt caught in the wheel of the hay-way, Anne!

(we hear the door close)

Well Marilla, you know I pride myself on speaking my mind. I smell trouble and I don't mind saying so. Provedence matched them two up since they were children, that's what!

MARILLA

And they are children, still.

RACHEL

Eighteen...I was married by that time. And Anne's grown too much like you, Marilla. The over particular ones get left behind!

MARILLA

And it's the over opinionated that end up unhappy and meaner than second skimmings!

RACHEL holds her tongue and quietly turns to her tea.

EXT. PARTY -- AFTERNOON

DIANA and ANNE laugh as a hay ride comes to an end.

ANNE

Oh! This is glorious! Do you remember the time we slept all night in a hay loft?

DIANA

And I was so frightened we were going to be attacked by that barn owl, I wanted to go -

FRED appears on the hay behind them.

FRED

Come on, Diana. We've got to organise the gifts!

DIANA

(to Anne) Duty calls.

DIANA leaves and ANNE hops off the wagon to stand watching forlorn as dancers enjoy themselves at the party. She spots GILBERT in the crowd. He waves and she slowly turns away. She runs into JANE ANDREWS and her fiancée, HARRY INGLIS.

JANE

Anne! Where are you off to? We won't leave any clams for you if you don't hurry back!

ANNE

I'm just enjoying the fresh air.

JANE

Oh! You haven't met my fiance! Harry Inglis from Winnepeg, Anne Shirley.

HARRY

Pleased to meet you, ma'am.

ANNE

Pleased to meet you. Well, you're a very lucky man, Mr. Inglis. Where will you live?

JANE

In Montreal. Harry's in the mining business.

RUBY GILLIS walks up with her two beaus and interrupts.

RUBY

Oh Jane! Stop showing off your ring! I can see it glimmering through the trees!

JANE

It's been real nice seeing you again, Anne. Let's go, Harry.

JANE and HARRY leave the circle.

RUBY

You boys run along with Jane and Harry. I wanna talk to Anne.

The boys leave.

RUBY

Isn't Jane's millionaire ancient? He could be her father!

ANNE

Well, he certainly must have a lot of money.

RUBY

I'll say. He's just showered her with jewelery! And they're going to Europe on a wedding tour!

ANNE

Jane's such a nice girl. She never even tried to attract attention.

RUBY

Well, she's certainly not in the millionaire's class. What about you, Anne? Are you here with Gilbert?

ANNE

I--

RUBY

(looking at her beaux) Aren't those two ridiculous? They're determined to sit each other out. I really don't care a snit for either of them. Well, let's get together soon, Anne. I want to hear all your news!

RUBY leaves and rejoins her beaux at the party. ANNE dejectedly walks off. GILBERT watches her go.

EXT. BARRY'S FIELD. TWILIGHT

ANNE succumbs to a queer desolate feeling. Another folk dance starts up in the background. ANNE stops, curtsies to herself and then agrees to dance with her imaginary partner. She dances round feigning conversations while filling in the appropriate movements of the waltz.

ANNE

Me? I'd be honoured to accept this dance. "You have lovely starry violet eyes darling." Why thank you, you can call me Cordelia. "Cordelia, you have an exquisite rose leaf complexion."

Unbeknownst to her, GILBERT appears in the firelight. He watches her amusedly. He then ventures forth and taps her on the shoulder. ANNE turns around astonished. GILBERT turns to her imaginary partner.

GILBERT

Do allow me. I have an account to settle with this young lady. Your twenty dollars. Care to?

He hands her an envelope. He begins dancing with ANNE. Her cheeks flush and her ears burn as they dance. ANNE loses her beat and stumbles. Suddenly GILBERT stops, staring at her straight in the eye.

ANNE

I'm sorry Gil,...I must have two left feet.

ANNE moves away from GILBERT. He follows her. They descend down the valley along the pond. ANNE crosses a bridge. GILBERT follows her onto it. The pond is covered in mist.

EXT. BARRY'S POND/BRIDGE. DUSK

ANNE leans on the bridge looking out across the old pond and drinking in the enchantment of the dusk; almost at the spot where she had climbed from the sinking dory on the day ELAINE floated down from Camelot.

GILBERT

What are you thinking about?

ANNE

I'm afraid to speak or move for fear all this wonderful beauty will just vanish like a broken silence.

GILBERT

Doesn't it remind you of our old school day picnics?

ANNE

(nods)

I don't want any of it to change. I wish I could just hold onto those days forever...I have a feeling things will never be the same again, will they?

GILBERT touches her hand; he opens his mouth to speak. ANNE is frightened. The spell of the dusk is broken for her. There are tears in her eyes.

GILBERT

I won't change. That's the least I can promise you. Anne, there's something I want to ask you...

ANNE

Gil, please don't...

GILBERT

What is it? You've been avoiding me all spring; ever since we graduated.

ANNE forces a smile.

ANNE

I never wanted to make you care for me so. I kept away so you wouldn't.

GILBERT

Well I won't be coming back to White Sands in the fall. Dalhousie Medical School's accepted me.

ANNE

Gil...I'm so proud of you.

She pats his shoulder; he takes her hand. GILBERT resumes. He plunges forward, in a voice that chokes up now and then.

GILBERT

I'm sorry about last week. I only wanted to show you how much I care...well, maybe you don't think I'm good enough for you now, but I will be someday.

ANNE

No Gil, you're a great deal too good for me. But you want someone who'll adore you; someone who'll be happy just to hang on your arm and build a home for you. I wouldn't...

GILBERT smiles remembering their past history.

GILBERT

Anne that's not what I'm looking for at all.

ANNE smiles and shakes her head.

ANNE

We'd end up like two old crows fighting all the time.

ANNE turns away.

ANNE (CONT)

I know I'd be unhappy and I'd wish we'd never done it.....

GILBERT

Everybody expects it. You must feel that Anne.

ANNE

Well then, it'd be for all the wrong reasons Gil. You just think that you love me...

GILBERT turns her back to him.

GILBERT

Anne, I've loved you as long as I can remember. I need you. I can't go away knowing that if I had just...

ANNE

I promise that I'll always be here if you need me. Good friends are always together in spirit. Let's not change Gil. Let's just go on being good friends.

ANNE hugs GILBERT. GILBERT smiles sadly.

GILBERT

Friends, huh? I thought we were 'kindred spirits'. Please say yes.

ANNE

I can't.

(she chokes on the word)

Gil, I'm so desperately sorry...

ANNE runs across the bridge and disappears into the darkness...

EXT. SHORE ROAD. NIGHT

ANNE drives furiously along the road in her buggy, wishing the moment had never happened.

EXT. SIDE ROAD. NIGHT

She turns down a side road away from the area, driving through a laneway which connects with the main road.

EXT. MAIN ROAD. NIGHT

She drives out onto the main road and collides with a motor car, scraping its fender and knocking out one of its headlights. ANNE's mare rears and tries to turn quickly, snapping one of the shafts of the buggy. ANNE gets her mare turned around. The driver of the motor car is MORGAN HARRIS. He jumps out, furious at ANNE when he sees his smashed headlight.

HARRIS

Whoa, lady get out of the way. What in heck are you doing, lady? Do you have any idea how difficult it is to replace one of these lanterns.

ANNE

You had no business taking the right of way.

HARRIS

You have no business to be out here alone in the dark, without a lantern.

ANNE jumps out of the buggy.

ANNE

Are all motorists as bold as you? I enjoy being out alone at night.

ANNE examines the broken shaft.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Any gentleman would have had the decency to stop.

ANNE tries to tie a wire from the frame around the shaft.

HARRIS

I was hoping we'd meet again,
(recognizing ANNE in the light)

I've been wondering for several weeks exactly who you were. I'm sorry
I wasn't able to introduce myself that day on the beach. Captain...

ANNE stands up and takes the reins of her buggy, her hair hanging in
her eyes.

ANNE

I have no desire to be introduced thank you.

HARRIS chuckles as ANNE ties herself in knots trying to climb back
into the buggy indignantly.

HARRIS

I'll bet no one's ever told you how becoming red hair can be in the
moonlight.

ANNE

Actually lots of people have.

ANNE clicks the reins. The shaft breaks off again. The wire wrapping being totally ineffective. HARRIS laughs. ANNE climbs out of the buggy again, totally shunning all of HARRIS' attempts to assist her.

HARRIS

Why don't you tie the horse up, I'll take you wherever you want to go. You can come back for the buggy in the morning.

ANNE

I'll do no such thing.

ANNE marches down the dark road leading the mare. HARRIS gets back in his car and drives along beside ANNE.

HARRIS

Suit yourself. Just trying to be a gentleman.

ANNE refuses to look at him.

ANNE

Don't give yourself airs. You are in a class entirely by yourself.

HARRIS puts his foot on the gas pedal and drives off down the lane. ANNE stops and stares as he disappears in a cloud of dust into the darkness.

INT. BARRY'S FARM/DIANA'S BEDROOM. EVENING

The camera pulls back from the needle of a Victrola playing a scratchy recording of "Oh Promise Me" from Lohengrin. ANNE is mouthing the words to the recording and prancing about being very melodramatic.

DIANA is sitting on her bed sipping a glass of lemonade and absolutely giddy over ANNE's clowning. She starts to hiccup.

SINGER and ANNE

(singing)

Oh promise me that someday you and I will take our love together to some skies when we.....Shall we alone and faith renew.....

DIANA

(in fits of giggles) If the minister's wife attempts to do this piece, I'll faint! I can't allow it!

ANNE

(excitedly) Can't you just see the buttons popping off her corset?

DIANA

(laughing) Oh! Stop it! I'm going to be sick!

ANNE

(pulling a veil over her face) Now, now. This is you. Nervously sweeping up the aisle on your father's arm; your black curls frosted over the film of your delicate chiffon veil. The perfect bride. You look into Fred's red face and you whisper..."I do"!

DIANA

(giggling) Oh! Don't be mean!

ANNE

Just promise me one thing! If he faints, make sure you catch him!

They fall on the bed in fits of giggles. Their landing breaks the frame and the bed crashes to the floor. MRS BARRY speaks from the downstairs hallway.

MRS BARRY

Diana? Diana Barry, what in heaven's name is going on?

DIANA

(to Anne) Now you've done it!

MRS BARRY
Diana? Answer me!

DIANA
Nothing mother! We're just rehearsing the wedding march!

MRS BARRY
Well, for pity's skae, don't march through the ceiling!

The girls continue to giggle quietly. DIANA sobers suddenly.

DIANA
Oh. I'm so nervous, Anne! I don't know how I'm going to get through this tomorrow!

ANNE
You'll be all right. Evryone survives the ceremony...it's afterwards -

DIANA
Oh, you're so smug. Wait 'till your trun comes, Miss Anne.

ANNE
No. I have definitely decided on a career over marriage. I think I'd like to be a nun. Wouldn't it be wonderful to be the bride of heaven? But then, I'm not Catholic and I hradly qualify for that sort of career.

DIANA
Well, what about a nurse? It's a romantic profession. Smoothing fevered brows, and some handsome millionare patient falling madly in love with you and carrying you off to the mediterranian...

ANNE
I can't give it up for the prozaic reality of Gilbert...he proposed, you know. And I refused.

DIANA
(startled) You what!!!?

ANNE

Yes.

DIANA

Anne, are you out of your mind?

ANNE

Don't scold me, Diana. Can't you understand?

DIANA

Anne, I can't believe it! I thought all this going on about your ideals was a cover-up because he hadn't asked you yet! You actually said no. After two years of flirting, this is scandalous!

ANNE

You take that back, Diana Barry! I've never flirted with him! Gil and I have onyever been good friends.

DIANA

I even steered clear of Gilbert because of you. How could you, Anne?

ANNE

I know. I don't love him. I'm sure he despises me now. You despise me and I despise myself! I feel so humiliated over this whole stupid thing.

DIANA

Poor Darling. I have no right ot scold you. Things are so mixed up in real life, Anne. They're never as clear as they are in romantic novels.

DIANA smooths the hair on ANNE's head.

INT. BARRY'S FARM/DIANA'S ROOM -- DAY

ANNE and AUNT JO prepare DIANA for the ceremony. A SINGER is heard from outside.

SINGER

(singing)

Oh promise me that someday you and I will take our love together to
some skies when we.....Shall we alone and faith renew.....

ANNE

Your parents are coming.

DIANA

Oh Anne, I shall die. I'm so nervous I know I'm going to faint Aunt Jo.

AUNT JO

If you do I'll drag you down to the rainwater hog-shed and drop you in.
Here, let me see you.

ANNE

Don't you fret. Oh you look lovely.

DIANA and ANNE embrace. MRS. BARRY comes in behind MR.
BARRY.

MR. BARRY

Everything's all ready. I've given the minister the signal.

MRS. BARRY kisses DIANA weepingly.

MRS. BARRY

Oh my darling. I'm losing you forever!

AUNT JO

(unsympathetically)

Now, now don't get all sentimental Elizabeth. You still have Minnie
May. Tears aren't lucky at weddings.

Everyone laughs at AUNT JO's "inspiring" send off. AUNT JO and
MRS. BARRY go out the door first with the ushers. Then ANNE goes

ahead. DIANA kisses MR. BARRY on the cheek. She takes his arm and they sweep out into the garden and up the aisle.

EXT. BARRY GARDEN/WEDDING ARBOUR. AFTERNOON

ANNE tries to gaze straight ahead, but she is drawn to GILBERT who is standing beside a very attractive stately looking girl by the name of CHRISTINE STUART, with dark blue eyes, ivory outlines and a gloss of darkness over her smooth hair. She and GILBERT both turn to see ANNE. RACHEL leans over to MARILLA.

RACHEL

What a fine looking pair.

MARILLA watches GILBERT staring at ANNE.

ANNE glances away. GILBERT stares at her with a concerned expression. MR. BARRY leads DIANA to the minister and perspiring, red faced FRED. DIANA looks lovingly into FRED's eyes. THE BARRYS are seated. ANNE steps back and sits beside AUNT JO. AUNT JO leans to ANNE during the minister's wife's final chords.

AUNT JO

You won't win that Blythe boy back by punishing him.

ANNE

(startled)

I wonder why everyone seems to think I ought to be with Gilbert Blythe.

AUNT JO smothers a smile. As the minister's wife reaches her high note and extends her chest, the minister comes forward and takes FRED's and DIANA's hands and clasps them together.

FRED

Diana.....

EXT. WEDDING TENT/BARRY GARDEN. AFTERNOON

The camera pans across the wedding festivities. Tables holding a lavish buffet lunch have been exquisitely decorated and organized under a tent in the garden. All of DIANA's wedding presents are displayed on a large draped table for their guests to admire.

CHRISTINE STUART rests her hand on GILBERT's arm. They are chatting with a group of guests. GILBERT tries sneaking a glance at ANNE who has surrounded herself with people, to avoid GILBERT. ANNE notices GILBERT looking at her. She makes her conversation even bubblier.

She is uncomfortable with GILBERT being so close and she moves nervously away from the group.

ANNE

Hi, thank you,... How are you?.... Excuse me....

ANNE bumps into MOODY SPURGEON carrying two glasses of punch. She fusses over him immediately.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Moody Spurgeon! Goodness you look older in your new celluloid collar.

MOODY blushes.

MOODY

Ah thanks Anne. You look dashing yourself. You looked as good as the bride.

Suddenly JOSIE PYE, MOODY's current girlfriend is hanging on his arm. She takes one of the glasses of punch. ANNE doesn't let her have a word in edgewise.

ANNE

Well, how sweet of you Moody to ask Josie to the wedding.
(turns to Josie)

You know, I was afraid you mightn't have been invited.

JOSIE

Isn't she precious Moody. You wore that sweet old dress to Fanny Emerson's wedding last year though didn't you Anne? You know what they say, twice a bridesmaid, never a bride.

ANNE

That's three times a bridesmaid not twice Josie. But then you're so fortunate. The only thing you've ever had to wear twice is a sour expression.

(turns to Moody)

Now don't you forget to save me a waltz.

MOODY

I won't Anne.

ANNE whisks away leaving JOSIE blazing. GILBERT watches ANNE, but pretends not to notice. JOSIE grimaces at MOODY.

MOODY (CONT'D)

Alright. I was just trying to be polite.

ANNE leaves JOSIE and MOODY. GILBERT sees her go and takes his leave of CHRISTINE. JOSIE and MOODY watch GILBERT chase ANNE away.

GILBERT

Excuse me a moment, would you, Christine? Moody...Josie...

MOODY

Gilbert...

GILBERT

Anne! Wait!

ANNE

Please Gil...

GILBERT

Where are you going?

ANNE

I'm leaving. Marilla took Rachel back early. She was ill and I don't feel very well either.

GILBERT

I'll drive you back.

ANNE

What about your friend?

GILBERT

I can explain. She won't mind.

They enter the barn where the carriages are kept.

ANNE

She looks like a lovely and accomplished young lady, Gil.

GILBERT

It's not Christine I care about! It's someone else...isn't there?

ANNE

No Gil! Honestly, there isn't. I don't care for anyone in that way. And I like you more than anybody!

GILBERT

Anne, I'll wait. Even if I thought that you cared just a little.

ANNE

I do care, Gil. I always have. But I can never, never love you in the way you want me to. I'm happy as I am. I won't ever marry.

GILBERT

You'll marry, all right. Some fool who will sit and read Tennyson by firelight, no doubt. Build your castles in the sky. I know you.

ANNE

Please Gil. I don't mean to hurt you, but you'll see that I'm right by and by when you fall for someone else.

GILBERT

You haven't hurt me, really. It's just that I fooled myself into thinking that you loved me. That's all.

ANNE

Gil, please...

GILBERT

I hope he breaks your heart. Whoever he is.

ANNE

You don't unders –

GILBERT

Then maybe you'll come to your senses.

GILBERT runs out of the barn and leaves ANNE sitting by herself.

CUT TO:

EXT. BARRY HOME – DAY

DIANA comes out the front door with luggage, prepared to leave the party. ANNE runs up with tears in her eyes.

DIANA

Anne!

ANNE

Oh, you look positively radiant!

DIANA

You look like you've seen a ghost!

ANNE

Gilbert spoke to me again. Diana, I feel like I've cut off his right arm. Could you please go talk to him? I know he'll listen to you!

FRED approaches DIANA. He is impatient to go.

FRED

Hurry up, Diana!

DIANA

(smiling at Fred) I-I don't know when or-or how, but I'll try. Good-bye, Anne.

ANNE

Farewell, my beloved!

The two friends part sadly and reluctantly. ANNE hangs her head as her friend drives away.

ANNE walks back around the edge of the verandah when she hears her name's mentioned. The other girls don't see her.

CHRISTINE

You're wrong Tillie. I thought Anne Shirley looked lovely beside Diana.

TILLIE

Christine Stuart you're too kind. I can't believe you didn't notice Anne staring at Gilbert just to make him jealous.

CHRISTINE

I know that Gil is very fond of Anne, but he certainly isn't jealous.

JOSIE

Huh! She's just trying desperately to win him back from you.

CHRISTINE

I don't think it's that at all. Besides Gil and I are only friends.

JOSIE

Well, I think Anne Shirley has far too big an opinion of herself.

The girls leave the verandah and join the rest of the group. ANNE watches DIANA who is so full of joy. She is furious at JOSIE's misleading comments and furious at herself for what's happened to GILBERT. For ANNE the day is an utter disaster. She turns and runs back through the orchard.

EXT. GREEN GABLES/TOMATO PATCH. DUSK

ANNE comes meandering across the glen. MARILLA is picking tomatoes in the front garden.

MARILLA

Why Anne, I thought you were going to stay at the Barry's for the bonfire. Why did you come home so early?

ANNE

Oh Diana was the bride of my dreams. But she and Fred have left now... and I feel tired and anxious... I don't know. Perhaps I should accept Miss Stacey's offer in Kingsport. I'd like to see and hear new places. I could get a whole bunch of ideas I could write stories from.

MARILLA

Rachel was feeling pretty discouraged today at the wedding having to move west and live with her boy, and all and the thought came to me that perhaps I should ask her to board with me instead of the Picard girl. I haven't said anything to her, I wanted your opinion.

ANNE

Well, it'd be your decision Marilla....but are you sure...?

MARILLA

Well, she has her faults, I know. But she has been my nearest neighbour for forty-five years, and I'd rather put up with her than lose her.

ANNE

Please don't do this because you feel badly on my account.

MARILLA

Stuff and nonsense! I can be civil with Rachel as long as she stays out of my kitchen. We'll be quite capable of looking after the farm with Mr. Barry's help.

ANNE smiles tentatively.

ANNE

Marilla! Do you never wish you'd adopted a boy like you intended to? He could have run this farm and saved you all this trouble.

MARILLA pats ANNE's hand.

MARILLA

Anne Shirley, I wouldn't trade you for a dozen boys. You just mind that! It wasn't a boy that got the Bachelor of Arts and won the Rollings Reliable story contest now was it?

MARILLA pauses and looks at ANNE. She touches her cheek.

MARILLA (CONT'D)

I'll miss you. I'll miss my girl. Promise me you won't stay away forever.

The home lights of Green Gables flicker in the background as the camera pulls back and ANNE and MARILLA walk across the pasture towards Green Gables.

EXT. GREEN GABLES VERANDAH/YARD

FRED WRIGHT hoists ANNE's trunk into the back of his democrat. A light rain fills the air. RACHEL chatters on to DIANA.

RACHEL

I never thought of living as far off the road as Green Gables. But I'd rather live at the bottom of a well than leave Avonlea.

DIANA

I know how grateful Anne is to you for staying.

MARILLA comes out onto the verandah with ANNE's carpetbag.

RACHEL

Well, she was always one to leap into things when she'd made her mind up for it. It's a blessing she's off to a Ladies Academy that's what. I don't approve of them co educational institutions and I never have. All the girls flirting all with the boys.

MARILLA

They do study a little Rachel.

RACHEL

(sniffs)

Precious little. However, her pupils will be well enough behaved if this school is as well to do as she claims.

ANNE comes out the front door. She picks up her bag.

ANNE

I can't imagine I've forgotten a thing. You've all been so helpful.

ANNE looks to each of them.

RACHEL

(matter of factly)

Mind how you were raised now and go to church regularly Anne. And be careful what friends you make.

MARILLA

Be sure to put on your warm under clothes when the weather gets chilly.

RACHEL

Yes, and be careful of your health, whatever you do!

MARILLA

And you let us hear from you when you've settled.

ANNE takes the carpetbag from MARILLA. MARILLA gives ANNE an emotionless peck on the cheek. RACHEL looks at MARILLA and does the same.

RACHEL

Good bye Anne.

ANNE

Good bye.

RACHEL

Make sure everything is well tagged when you put it on the train.

DIANA

Don't worry, we'll take good care of everything.

MARILLA

Hurry up now, you'll be late. Good luck.

ANNE looks at the two old women standing pathetically on the verandah. DIANA and FRED get into the buggy. ANNE walks several paces and then suddenly stops. She turns back and throws her arms around MARILLA.

ANNE

Good bye Marilla. I don't know what I'd do without you... You've both been so wonderful. But I won't be gone for long and I promise I'll write as often as I can! Good bye.

MARILLA gives ANNE a solid embrace. RACHEL too throws her arms around her passionately. ANNE lets go and hurries to the buggy. RACHEL and MARILLA look forlorn as the buggy pulls away.

RACHEL

Well Marilla, I never would have believed an orphan could turn out so fine. No one could deny she's real tall and stylish now.

MARILLA

(gazing ahead)

Nobody at all. I can't help remembering her as a little girl. Lawful heart I was bewildered trying to manage her. Matthew understood her better.

RACHEL

Well it's to your credit you changed her as much as you did.

MARILLA

Oh, she hasn't changed that much... not really. It's us that's changed Rachel.

ANNE waves back to MARILLA and RACHEL.

CUT TO: ANNE and DIANA riding away from Green Gables in the carriage with FRED.

ANNE

How I've longed for this moment, Diana. and now that it's staring me in the face, I can't bear the thought of leaving!

FRED

We saw Gil Blythe off to medical school last week.

ANNE

Did he...say anything, Diana?

DIANA

I think he understands, Anne.

INT. TRAIN STATION/KINGSPORT. MORNING

ANNE finds herself in the blue white glare of the noisy and crowded train station. She feels horribly bewildered, and searches through the crowd, when suddenly she hears the voice of MISS STACEY. She turns to find MISS STACEY and embraces her warmly. MISS STACEY is an ebullient and inspiring former teacher on whom ANNE has modeled her own career.

MISS STACEY

Anne? Anne Shirley! Oh there you are.

ANNE

Oh Miss Stacey! It feels like decades.

MISS STACEY

Oh, up all night on that dreadful train. You must be exhausted.

ANNE

I feel broken down and green and provincial, and only 10 years old. For pity's sake please take me someplace where I can hear myself think.

MISS STACEY

I've got a cab waiting just outside. Where are your luggage tickets? The driver can take care of your trunk.

MISS STACEY takes ANNE's baggage and tickets and herds her outside.

ANNE

If you weren't here Miss Stacey, I think I should just sit down and burst into tears.

MISS STACEY

Well, I can't tell you just how happy I am to have you here Anne. After all, why be a member on the Board of Governors of an institution if you can't pull a few strings.

ANNE

Oh Miss Shirley you didn't.

MISS STACEY

Yes I did!

EXT. STREET/KINGSPORT. MORNING

KINGSPORT is a quiet old town, harking back to colonial days. The cab drives along at a quick pace through the busy streets. Sooty brick and stone buildings lean against each other in row, up and down the muddy cobblestone streets carved into the steep hills.

Telephone poles, joined by webs of wire run up one block and down another where streetcars, horses and wagons and bicycles compete for space on the congested streets. ANNE and MISS STACEY ride along congenially in the cab.

ANNE

I intend to keep up with my writing. This quaint old town will be a wonderful inspiration.

MISS STACEY

Well, I think your youth and vitality will make an enormous contribution to our Ladies College. After all, you were my prize pupil at Avonlea.

CUT TO:

EXT. KINGSPORT STREET – DAY

The carriage pulls up outside a grand house.

ANNE

I'm so nervous I won't meet with their expectations.

MISS STACEY

Nonsense! They may be privileged young ladies from wealthy families, but they're spoiled and prevailing!

The ladies step out of the carriage and up to the front entrance of the house.

ANNE

Great Johosaphat! What richness! This is far more gracious than I ever dreamed could exist!

MISS STACEY knocks on the door and waits for a response. She gives ANNE a look of encouragement. A MAID answers the door.

MAID

Good morning, ma'am.

MISS STACEY

Good morning! Could you please tell Mrs. Pringle that Miss Stacey and Miss Anne Shirley are here to see her?

The MAID nods and closes the door

MISS STACEY

I think you'll be quite comfortable here. Mrs. Tom Pringle is on the alumni. She's been boarding teachers from Kingsport ladies College for thirty years now!

MRS TOM PRINGLE appears at the door. She is very well dressed except for her sour expression. She looks ANNE up and down.

MRS PRINGLE

Miss Stacey! How delightful to see you.

MISS STACEY

And you, Mrs. Pringle. may I introduce you to Miss Anne Shirley of Avonlea, Prince Edward island?

ANNE

How do you do?

MISS STACEY

She's our new English teacher at Kingsport Ladies College who you'll be boarding this year. Should I have the cabbie bring in her trunk?

MRS. PRINGLE

Obviously you did not receive my letter. I'm afraid I've decided not to take her, Miss Stacey. I'm really rather tired of being bothered boarding staff. My girls are finished, as you know, and I really spend so little time with the alumni.

MISS STACEY

But Mrs. Prin –

MRS. PRINGLE

I do apologize for the inconvenience. Good-day Miss Stacey.

MRS PRINGLE closes the door and leaves. MISS STACEY is shocked and takes a moment to recover.

MISS STACEY

Not at all!! Good day.

How typically Pringle! Smooth as cream even when they're working against you. Well, we shall see about that, hmm?

The ladies turn around and make their way back to the carriage.

ANNE

What is it, Miss Stacey?

MISS STACEY

Kingsport is full of Pringles, half Pringles. They're the old money that rules this town. Mrs. Tom Pringle bosses the whole tribe. I was afraid they'd be down on you.

ANNE

Why should they be? I'm a total stranger!

The ladies get into the carriage.

MISS STACEY

One of their cousins, Miss Amy Pringle-Ruth, applied for your position. And she was abysmally less qualified, I might add. However, when the Board announced that they had accepted your application, well the whole kit and kaboodle of them just threw back their heads and howled.

(out the window)

Kingsport Ladies College, please driver.

(to Anne)

Well, they're not going to get away with it! They can't boycott the board's decision, it's undemocratic.

ANNE

I'm not sure I quite always trust democracy.

EXT. KINGSPORT/MILLBRIDGE. DAY

The cab drives across an iron bridge spanning a river. A large woolen mill looms in the background, with a PRINGLE sign on it that takes up an

entire block.

MISS STACEY

They've always ruled the roost here. The whole clan of them. Politically and socially. Well they may own the lumber mill, the railway, the gasworks and the woolen mill, but I will not allow the Pringles to dictate our system of education.

ANNE

You can't imagine how nervous I am now!

EXT. KINGSPORT/MILLBRIDGE. DAY

The cab drives through dappled sunlight now up the circular driveway of a well groomed Victorian institution. The carriage stops. MISS STACEY gets out and marches up the front stairs, ANNE in tow.

MISS STACEY

Now, Miss Katherine Brooke is the principal here. A bit of a martinet in matters of discipline, from time to time, but I'm sure that we can resolve whatever little differences of opinion that might arise.

INT. KINGSPORT LADIES' COLLEGE/MISS BROOKE'S OFFICE.

MISS STACEY raps on the door and sails into the principal's office with ANNE. MISS BROOKE is rather surprised. She gets up quickly from behind her desk.

MISS BROOKE

Come in.

MISS STACEY

Good morning Miss Brooke.

MISS BROOKE

Miss Stacey.

MISS STACEY

Please forgive the intrusion but I was just so eager to introduce you to our new English professor: Miss Anne Shirley. One of the brightest stars in my entire teaching career. She has recently published a short work of fiction as well.

ANNE smiles feebly at her own infamous accomplishments. MISS BROOKE is a prim, spinsterly looking woman of about thirty five. Her dress is in strict conformity with the rules of hygiene and ugliness. She has not one ounce of charm. Her countenance is ingrained with a decided frown and highlighted with dark, thick eyebrows. She greets ANNE suspiciously.

MISS BROOKE

Welcome to Kingsport Miss Shirley. Please sit down.

ANNE

Thank you. I am very pleased to be here.

MISS BROOKE

Miss Stacey has recommended you so highly to us. I hadn't expected one so accomplished to be so young. A fault which time will cure all too soon.

MISS STACEY

Miss Brooke, there seems to be some sort of mix up regarding Miss Shirley's accommodations.

MISS BROOKE appears to know what is beneath it all.

MISS STACEY (CONT'D)

But I was sure you wouldn't object to having her stay here at the school with your out of town boarding students. I'm sure you'll find her to be the perfect den mother for them.

MISS BROOKE

We have no need of maternal affectations in this institute Miss Stacey. We govern by rules and regulations.

MISS STACEY

Which do require a leaven in the lump from time to time Miss Brooke. Shall we have the groundsman bring in Miss Shirley's things?

MISS BROOKE bristles.

MISS BROOKE

I'll have the maid prepare her room.

MISS STACEY

Thank you so much.

She bows rigidly, turns sharply and marches out of the room. MISS BROOKE detests MISS STACEY's authority.

ANNE

She is an absolute sergeant major, Miss Stacey. How shall I ever tolerate her sarcasm.

MISS STACEY

Nonetheless she is a dedicated teacher, if somewhat of an excessive disciplinarian. Look, you just keep your chin up and you give it your very best if only to spite them all! You know how highly I regard your abilities Anne.

ANNE

I shall do my very best to rise to the occasion.

MISS STACEY leads ANNE out into the hallway.

INT. HALLWAY/KLC. MORNING

MISS STACEY

Good girl. Now, you'll want to get yourself organized before the start of classes tomorrow.

ANNE

Thank you for everything Miss Stacey.

MISS STACEY turns and leaves closing the door firmly behind her.

MISS STACEY hugs ANNE warmly.

MISS STACEY

We can do the rest of our catching up later.

ANNE is left standing alone in the hallway of the empty institution; dwarfed and feeling terribly uncertain.

INT. KINGSPORT LADIES COLLEGE ANTEROOM. MORNING

The camera pulls back from a bold, clearly printed inscription written on a blackboard in an anteroom outside MISS BROOKE's office. Beneath is an open copy of the Bible.

"O Show me a scrupulous and upright woman; for her worth is far above diamonds". Proverbs Miss Katherine Brooke Principal.

ANNE decorates the blackboard with drawn leaves. MISS BROOKE comes out of her office and is very displeased with ANNE's decorations.

MISS BROOKE

In the future, Miss Shirley, you will kindly remember that you are not at liberty to make any changes – no matter how minor – to the conventions of this institution.

ANNE

I'm sorry. I was just so moved by your inspiring quotation, I wanted to embellish it.

MISS BROOKE

Don't patronize me. What is to be the pill in all this jam, Miss Shirley?

ANNE

Why, nothing. I just thought it was a tremendously uplifting idea, that's all. I'm glad you spell your name with a "K". Katherine with a "K" is so much more alluring than Catherine with a "C". A "C" always looks so smug.

MISS BROOKE promptly walks over, erases the "K" and changes it to a "C". ANNE looks on with shock at her rudeness.

MISS BROOKE

We have fifty young ladies in our charge from the most privileged families in the Maritimes. My methods admonish anything beyond the standards of the utmost decorum. This is not a public school of the kind that you are used to, Miss Shirley. Our students do not require embellishment. Simple, straight-forward adherence to rules and regulations which I have clearly delineated for you, Miss Shirley.

(she hands Anne a few notebooks)

Our students are drilled in their studies at the beginning of each class. Bedtime and mealtimes will be strictly observed by our fifteen boarders. You, Miss Shirley, will see to it that the boarders especially adhere to the utmost orderliness. I am placing them under your continual direction.

I am referred to by the entire faculty as Brooke. You may do the same.

ANNE

Yes, Miss Brooke.

MISS BROOKE

I understand you have extraordinary talents. I look forward to observing them.

ANNE

Glad I meet with your approval in some approximation.

MISS BROOKE

We shall see. You are here as a result of the Board's decision, not mine.

MISS BROOKE rings the electronic bell to summon the students.

MISS BROOKE

For a country school marm, you will find that we are equipped with the most modern efficiencies; due to the tremendous financial support of certain prominent families. In fact, we are the first school in the provence to have a telephone.

GIRLS can be heard singing. MISS BROOKE hangs a whistle around her neck. They walk into the adjoining room to find the girls singing a morning song.

SINGING

...God made them all...

MISS BROOKE

Welcome to the new year. I trust you girls are ready to drive into the first session with determination. You all know Miss Picard: mathematics and Science, Miss Carr: History and geography and Miss Shirley will be your new teacher responsible for English and Literature as well as all student boarders. Miss Shirley will be living in the school with us and will have direct supervisory authority. Let us get to work, then. With no nonsense! Please organize yourselves into forms.

MISS BROOKE blows a shrill blast on the whistle and the girls move quickly and quietly.

MISS BROOKE

Form One! Do you call that a straight line?!

One girl is caught daydreaming out the window. EMMELINE HARRIS is caught off guard and tries to jump back into line without being discovered...too late.

MISS BROOKE

Emmeline Harris! Step forward! If you intend to make a habit of this, I will have no choice but to detain you after class. Step back!

(walking back to Anne, she gives her a whistle of her own)

Learn to respond to signals on the electric bell as well.

ANNE looks unimpressed.

ANNE

(cheerfully)

I'd much prefer to invent titles for each group. Like a sorority. What about Tudor, Kent and Windsor?

MISS BROOKE

I am not interested in fairy tales! You must learn to use the modern conveniences of our system. At recess I will employ the electric bell.

The other teachers use their whistles sharply and escort their classes out of the hall.

MISS BROOKE

(to Anne)

Your room is down the hall, first door.

ANNE timidly uses the whistle and laughs at the sound it makes.

MISS BROOKE

Perhaps you think you are above the rules, Miss Shirley?

MISS BROOKE storms out of the hall. ANNE looks at her students who giggle under their breath.

ANNE

Off you go, girls...

They hesitate, then leave.

INT. ANNE'S CLASSROOM/KLC. MORNING

ANNE stands beside the open door as the group of 15 girls assemble themselves in their seats. Much of the giggling and whispering continues. ANNE moves into the centre of the room tremulously. She appeals to the class as equals and tries to be as chummy as possible.

ANNE

Please girls; quiet please.

(pause)

Good morning. I would like to begin by sharing with you what a great privilege it would be for me to share... uh

One of the girls in the front row flips the seat down on the front of her desk just as ANNE is about to pass in front. ANNE trips over the protruding seat fastened on iron stanchions. She collapses on one knee.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Oh...blast!

She picks herself up embarrassedly. Her face turns scarlet, but she tries to be nonchalant about the pain. The class snickers.

ANNE (CONT'D)

(forcing a smile)

...to share with you my great love of English Literature during the forthcoming year.

ANNE picks herself up, limping.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Let's hope I'm a little lighter on Shakespeare than I am on my feet.

ANNE makes her way nervously to the blackboard. Another rustle of whispers and laughter ripples through the class. She picks up a piece of chalk and starts to write her name. The chalk breaks after the word "Miss". ANNE makes a muddle of the whole ceremony. She turns back to class which by now is sharpening its daggers. She feels frightened and foolish.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Never mind... I had a speech prepared. But it doesn't seem very important right now. My name is Anne Shirley and I know we shall all become good friends in no time.

ANNE is forced to speak over the mounting level of chanting by rote being conducted in MISS MACKAYS mathematics class next door. Multiplication tables are repeated over and over again to the steady tapping of MISS MACKAY's pointer:

MATH STUDENTS

(overlapping)

" $3 \times 1 = 3$, $3 \times 2 = 6$, $3 \times 3 = 9$, $3 \times 4 = 12$ "

ANNE closes the door. She tries to be sincere to win the class over. She smiles again nervously.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I come from a little town called Avonlea on Prince Edward Island where I have been teaching for the past two years. So this is my first time in a private school position and I hope that you will all be able to give me lots of assistance.

The girls giggle. ANNE picks up the class list.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Now when I call out your name answer 'here'. Pringle, Myra C.

(no answer)

Pringle, Rebecca A.

(no answer)

ANNE turns the sheet over to see if she has the right side. MYRA PRINGLE, a fat ungainly child with a wicked smile begins to titter. JEN PRINGLE, a spoiled beautiful 14-year-old, along the lines of "Becky Sharp" gives MYRA a withering look.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Aren't these your names?

JEN

No, Miss. Perhaps the class lists have been mixed up.

ANNE is embarrassed. She takes a pencil.

ANNE

Oh alright, give me your names then one at a time. Starting here...

(she points)

With the young lady in the front row. Last name first and age.

FIRST GIRL

OPPENER, FANNY I. There are two p's in Oppener. Fourteen.

ANNE looks at her suspiciously but writes it down.

SECOND GIRL

GIRDLE, MYRTLE N. Fourteen.

ANNE raises an eyebrow.

THRID GIRL

HEIND, that's H E I N D, ALICE B. HEIND Fourteen.

ANNE stares directly at the next one who is JEN PRINGLE.

JEN

BALL. WILMA I. BALL Thirty three. Actually I'm from the Rollings Reliable Baking Company and we were wondering when you'd be available to rewrite our labels.

The entire class howls. ANNE stops when she realizes she is being mocked. She looks around quickly. Her voice becomes like cut glass.

ANNE

That's enough. I hadn't anticipated a class whose parents were such nitwits at naming their children.

The class is subdued. EMMELINE HARRIS stands up. A slight, but pretty girl with rather thick, myopic glasses.

EMMELINE

Harris, Emmeline Harris Thirteen.... And don't believe any of them Miss Shirley.

ANNE

What do you mean?

EMMELINE

They're just pulling your leg because they're Pringles and they think they can get away with it.

JEN PRINGLE turns around.

JEN

Old telescope eyes here wouldn't know a Pringle if she were face to face with one.

The whole class laughs uproariously. EMMELINE is crushed. She sits down. ANNE's temper gets the better of her.

ANNE

Since Misses Fanny Eyeoppener, Myrtle Engirdle, Alice Beheind, and Wilma Eyeball find themselves so terribly witty, they will write out an accurate class list 100 times today after classes for my benefit. Now, open your readers please.

The class hushes itself as ANNE opens the top of her desk looking for some paper. She almost keels over backwards as a long green garter snake slithers out of her desk and onto the floor. ANNE leaps backwards with a scream.

All the girls scream and shout as the snake slithers across the floor and down an aisle. They climb on their desks screaming and shouting. The class is in an uproar with shrieks of fear and laughter.

ESSIE SINCLAIR puts up her hand. Her face is blanched.

ESSIE

Miiiiisssss Shiiiiirrrllleeeey!

ESSIE bolts upright and utters a superb moan. She crashes down flat on the floor and smack on her face. She cuts her lip in the process. All the girls gather round screaming "Essie, Essie".

ANNE is simply beside herself. She gets out a handkerchief and administers it to ESSIE's bleeding lip. ANNE rests the girl's head on her lap. She pats ESSIE's face as she comes round.

GIRL

Oh Miss Shirley, help her!

ANNE

Emmeline Harris, take this girl to the ladies room. Soak this handkerchief in cold water and see if you can stop the bleeding.

EMMELINE helps a dazed ESSIE up and out of the classroom. ANNE is fuming. She blows her fuse and simultaneously pulls the infamous whistle out of her pocket and blows a shrill blast. She is stunned at her rapid ability to master the technique.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Alright. All of you sit down! Now! And remain seated.

The class quiets down. Anne speaks in a low shivering tone.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Who put the snake in my desk?

All the girls' faces are innocent, save one. ANNE looks directly at JEN who is unabashed and unashamed.

ANNE (CONT'D)

What is your real name?

JEN

Jen Pringle, Miss Shirley.

JEN's 'Miss Shirley' is delivered as sarcastically as possible.

ANNE

Was it you Jen Pringle?

JEN

(insolently)

Yes it was.

ANNE

You will be detained after class today...

(the class begins to rumble)

And everyday for the entire week. Now please open your Third Form readers class...

JEN

I can't Miss Shirley. My mother expects me for the next three days at the Ladies' Aid Society Rummage Sale.

ANNE

Well I'm sorry but your mother will have to make other arrangements.

JEN

But she's promised my help on the organization committee.

ANNE

I don't care. You'll stay if I say so.

JEN

I simply cannot stay, I'm sorry.

ANNE pauses.

ANNE

Well then it's up to you isn't it, Jen Pringle. Either you stay after school... for the week...or I'll have to administer the strap.

The class stirs. JEN looks around at the rest of her classmates. MYRA PRINGLE speaks up.

MYRA

You just can't do that Miss Shirley.

JEN's face turns crimson. She glares at MYRA.

JEN

I'll take the strap.

ANNE

Really?

A long slow collective hush is emitted from the rest of the class. ANNE opens her desk top and takes out her wooden pointer. ANNE acknowledges open warfare.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Come here then Miss Pringle. Put out your hand.

JEN proudly marches forward. The class stirs as they hear the pointer rip keenly across JEN's hand. Conscience stricken, ANNE drops the pointer on her desk and falls into her chair as JEN walks back to her desk.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Open your readers class and please look at the first chapter for the rest of the period.

ANNE sits at her desk. Her quick anger gone she feels ashamed, repentant and bitterly mortified.

Suddenly the electric bell jolts ANNE back to consciousness. JEN marches forward out of the class without so much as batting an eyelash. The other girls follow silently.

EMMELINE returns to the class with ESSIE. ESSIE's lip is severely swollen but has stopped bleeding.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Are you alright Essie?

ESSIE nods. She gathers her books and leaves.

ESSIE

I'm afraid I'm not very good around reptiles.

ANNE

Neither am I.

EMMELINE gathers her books and stops at ANNE's desk. ANNE has tears in her eyes. EMMELINE touches her.

EMMELINE

Oh you'll get used to Essie, Miss Shirley. She faints at least once a week. The doctors say her blood is weak.

ANNE

(smiles)

Thank you, Emmeline.

EMMELINE

Don't concern yourself about the Pringle girls either. The only people they like are themselves. I can say that without malice because my mother

was a Pringle. Besides, I like you and I think you handled the class very intelligently.

ANNE smiles at this warm little girl. EMMELINE closes the door as she hurries out of the class. ANNE lets all her shame and remorse come to the surface. She puts her head down on her desk.

EXT. KLC/GROUNDS. AFTERNOON

ESSIE and EMMELINE are riding around the grounds together on ESSIE's bicycle. Several girls are playing croquet on the lawn.

JEN comes running up beside ESSIE and EMMELINE. She has her croquet mallet in hand. She runs alongside the bicycle.

JEN

You traitor, Harris. I guess there are only two kinds of people in Kingsport. Those who are Pringles and those who aren't.

ESSIE looks embarrassed and hurt.

EMMELINE

Shut up, Jen. I don't care a snit what you say. I'm half Pringle.

JEN

Huh! Your mother didn't live long enough to make you anything. And my papa says your papa is the greatest philanderer in this country. So that practically makes you an orphan.

JEN maliciously takes her croquet mallet and shoves it into the spokes of ESSIE's bicycle. The bicycle flips. ESSIE falls off and goes into shock. EMMELINE picks up the croquet mallet and chases JEN across the lawn.

EMMELINE

Don't you dare ever say another word about my father again. You stupid good for nothing goose egg!

EMMELINE grabs JEN by the scruff of the neck. She floors her and wrestles her onto the ground and into the rose garden.

JEN

He's a brute and my papa says so!

EMMELINE takes a clump of mud and she shoves it into JEN's mouth. She then proceeds to rub it in her face.

EMMELINE

Let's see how big your mouth is now, Jen Pringle!

JEN rips the glasses from EMMELINE's face and pitches them across the ground.

EMMELINE (CONT'D)

Uh,...my glasses!

EMMELINE is now at a distinct disadvantage. JEN begins to cry and tries to fight back with claws bared. The two girls pull and tug at each other's hair and clothes in a horrific catfight. A group of girls has gathered around by this point. They shout and scream. ESSIE arrives with her bicycle in tow. Suddenly a sharp whistle is heard. ANNE comes running across the lawn. BROOKE blows her whistle forcefully. She is still obliged to pull the girls apart.

MISS BROOKE

That is enough. Get up there. Stand up.

She stands them up facing one another.

MISS BROOKE (CONT'D)

Have you girls no propriety? This is not a Turkish bazaar.

JEN is in tears.

JEN

They tried to run me down on that bicycle.

EMMELINE blazes and tosses the croquet mallet at JEN.

EMMELINE

You little liar! She threw her croquet mallet in the wheel and tripped us.
Didn't she Essie?

ESSIE nods automatically.

JEN

I did not you beast! She attacked me.

MISS BROOKE

Stop it. I've a good mind to expel you both for such hooliganism!
Bicycles are forbidden on school property. This contraption is confiscated
as of this moment.

ESSIE

But Miss Brooke, the bicycle isn't mine, it's my brother's.

MISS BROOKE

He ought not to have been so foolish as to have entrusted it to you.

ANNE interjects.

ANNE

It hardly seems fair to be punishing her brother...

EMMELINE

Yes Miss Brooke, I think...

BROOKE snaps back.

MISS BROOKE

Do you not understand English! Now I want you two girls to apologize
to each other and behave like proper young ladies.

JEN steps forward insolently; her tears vanished. She takes EMMELINE's hand. EMMELINE blazes but goes along with it.

JEN

I am quite prepared to forgive your lack of manners.

EMMELINE

And I your rude comments.

MISS BROOKE

That's enough. Well, don't stand there like pigeons girls. Go along.

(she turns to ANNE)

If you allow an outburst like that to occur again Miss Shirley, you shall have the Board to reckon with!

The group disperses silently as BROOKE marches the bicycle across the lawn to MR. McTAVISH, the groundsman, who takes it and locks it away in the garage.

MISS BROOKE (CONT'D)

Lock this in the shed McTavish. Go along girls, don't gawk!

EMMELINE, ESSIE and ANNE remain behind to look for EMMELINE's glasses in the grass. JEN walks over. She sees the glasses on the pavement and grinds the lens glass under her boot heel. She holds them up triumphantly.

JEN

Looking for these?

ANNE

Jen!

ANNE is shocked at JEN for committing such an act. JEN simply smiles and walks away.

ANNE

(to Emmeline)

I'm sorry about your spectacles. We'll get them replaced.

EMMELINE

It's not that. It's what she said about my papa.

ANNE

You just forget about whatever they said! There's not an ounce of truth in it. We won't let it spoil the afternoon.

ESSIE

We didn't get you into trouble, did we Miss Shirley?

ANNE

Don't worry about me. Brooke's just an old battle-axe anyway.

(realizing what she just said)

Don't tell anyone I said that.

ESSIE

I almost fainted when I saw her come across the lawn!

ANNE

She'll cool off in a few days and then I'll get your brother's bicycle back.

(to Emmeline)

Come along and don't you give it another worry.

They walk back to the school arm in arm.

ESSIE

You should have seen her with her mouth full of mud, Miss Shirley! That's the best Jen Pringle has looked in a long time!

INT. ANNE'S ROOM/KLC. EVENING

ANNE is looking over several of her "pages". She is propped up on her bed in the cozy bedroom she inhabits at the college.

Suddenly she hears a rat tat tat at the door. She looks at her watch. She rolls her eyes and whispers loudly towards the door.

ANNE

Alright...I'm turning my light out now Miss Brooke.

She reaches to turn her lamp down. The rat tat tat occurs again. ANNE get up suspiciously and goes to the door. EMMELINE is standing in front of her looking quite agitated.

EMMELINE

Miss Shirley.

ANNE

Emmeline!

EMMELINE

Oh Miss Shirley you've got to help us. Essie's brother needs the bicycle in the morning for his delivery job or he'll be fired and he's ready to murder Essie. We can't get the shed doors open. Oh, she's awful scared and I'm afraid she'll faint.

ANNE

Heaven preserve us from Miss Brooke if she does.

ANNE looks around the hallway and into the dormitory. Her 15 girls are sound asleep. She throws a shawl over her nightgown and extinguishes her lamp. She and EMMELINE hurry silently down the hallway.

EXT. GRANGE SHED/KLC. NIGHT

ANNE tries the shed door but it is firmly secured with a padlock and chain. The doors are loose, but won't open wide enough for EMMELINE as she tries to squeeze in. ESSIE whimpers.

EMMELINE

Mr. McTavish, the groundsman keeps his tools in here. Maybe we could saw the chain or pick the lock.

ANNE looks around and spies a small open window in the gable of the eaves. Her classroom is on the floor above the window.

ANNE

Stop whimpering Essie! Emmeline, do you think you could squeeze through that skylight up above?

EMMELINE

Uh huh... if I had a ladder...

ANNE

Come along. I've got a better idea...

EXT. CLASSROOM WINDOW/KLC. NIGHT

EMMELINE climbs out ANNE's bedroom window, holding onto a line of six sheets tied together; they are long enough to lower herself onto the eaves of the gable window. ESSIE and ANNE hold onto the sheets which are tied to a desk in the classroom.

ANNE

Alright you go down first and I'll shimmy down after you.

ESSIE

I'm frightened. I'm gonna faint.

ANNE

(snapping back)

Well just hang on a moment Essie and you can.

ESSIE

If anyone catches us you don't suppose they'll think we're trying to steal anything, do you Miss Shirley?

ANNE

Our motives are hardly idle curiosity.

EMMELINE tremulously lowers herself down on the line of sheets. ESSIE squeezes her eyes shut not wanting to look. EMMELINE waves to ANNE and ESSIE that she is safe. ANNE climbs down after her.

EMMELINE

Alright?

ANNE

(in a loud whisper)

Untie the end Essie and throw it down.

ESSIE runs over to the bed whimpering. She unties the sheets, runs back to the window and timidly tosses the line down to ANNE.

ESSIE

I don't think you should do this.

ANNE walks deftly across the roof to the shed and ties the end to a branch. The other end is tied to EMMELINE. EMMELINE turns and leans against the gable window, to support herself on the shaky roof, peering inside.

EMMELINE

Oh, I hope the skylight's not locked Miss Shirley. We're in luck Mr. McTavish has an army of tools down here.

ANNE

Good, now if we could just...

ANNE steps backwards onto a weak spot on the rather precarious roof sloping down from the window... and crashed through it.

(EMMELINE crashes down after her.)

EMMELINE

Oh, Miss Shirley! Ah...

INT. GRANGE SHED/KLC. NIGHT

Amidst an uproar of crashing shelves, shingles, cans and dust EMMELINE extricates herself from amidst MR. McTAVISH's bags of fertilizer. The infamous bicycle is toppled over beside her. She picks up the bicycle. There is a rumbling of the padlock outside the barn doors. Suddenly the doors swing open in the dark. It is light enough in the moonlight to recognize the familiar shape of BROOKE throwing a long shadow in the doorway.

MISS BROOKE

Bedsheets! Well now, Anne Shirley, where's the fire.

ANNE falls back groaning as EMMELINE hangs by the sheets a few feet off the floor.

INT. HALLWAY/KLC. MORNING

BROOKE's electric bell pierces the air. ANNE arrives in the doorway as her class assembles. She says "Good Morning" to each as they pass by her. She enters the classroom and closes the door behind her.

INT. KLC/ANNE'S CLASSROOM – MORNING

ANNE enters to see a ridiculous caricature of herself on the board.

ANNE

Good morning, class. Really girls. If you can't come up with a better likeness than that, I suggest that you give up all together!

The class is silenced.

ANNE

Open your Oxford book of verse, page 276. Tennyson's "The Lady of Shallot". Emmeline, would you please read the first four verses for us? Then we'll discuss them.

MYRA

My, my. Whose apple are we polishing now? Let's hitch our wagon to the stars, girls!

The entire class giggles. EMMELINE musters up the courage to continue. ANNE gives her a look of encouragement.

EMMELINE

"Willows whiten, aspens quiver.
Little breezes dusk and shiver.
Through the wave that runs forever
Flowing down to Camelot."

JEN PRINGLE saunters into the class late and proudly takes her seat.

ANNE

Why are you late?

JEN

My mother insisted on keeping my maid this morning. I had no one to darn my stocking.

ANNE

Kingsport Ladies College does not tolerate tardiness. Nor do I. Take out your dictionary and copy out the entire A section. You will have to catch up on this class later.

EMMELINE

(continuing with the poem)

"There she kept her vigil only,
Waiting in her chamber lonely

And looked down on Camelot.
Reapers reaping fields of barley”

INT. BROOKE'S OFFICE. MORNING

MORGAN HARRIS is poised over MISS BROOKE's desk in a very intimidating fashion. BROOKE is seated rigidly and does not flinch at HARRIS' remarks.

HARRIS

Are you trying to tell me that Emmeline is solely responsible for this misconduct?

MISS BROOKE

I am not trying to tell you anything other than that your daughter has an overt disregard for regulations. Stealing is stealing. I don't see how you can pretend it to be otherwise. This incident is the tip of the iceberg. I believe she requires remedial discipline.

HARRIS replies coolly, but firmly.

HARRIS

I want the teacher raked over the coals as well then.

MISS BROOKE

I'd like nothing better Captain Harris. But that will be for the Board to decide.

HARRIS

Let me be perfectly clear Miss Brooke. I will not allow my Emmeline to be expelled from any school. I am withdrawing both my daughter and my financial support from this second rate institution immediately. You can reckon with the Board of Governors!

He leans on her desk. MISS BROOKE flares her nostrils.

INT. ANNE'S CLASSROOM/KLC.

ANNE is standing at the front of the class. JEN PRINGLE coolly passes a cookie and then a pink and white striped parcel of what appears to be cookies across the aisle to MYRA PRINGLE. MYRA reveals that the parcel contains an assortment of pinwheels and firecrackers.

ANNE is totally enraptured with EMMELINE's reading, which is tremendously moving.

EMMELINE

"There she weaves by night and day a magic web of colours gay. She has heard a whisper say a curse is on her if she stay, to look down on Camelot."

ANNE notices the parcel being passed. She interrupts EMMELINE.

ANNE

I have warned you two about food in class. Bring that parcel here Myra.
(MYRA flinches)
Bring that parcel here!

MYRA gets out of her desk and saunters up the aisle saucily.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Throw it in the stove.

MYRA looks at her blankly. She objects with an undertone of sarcasm.

MYRA

Are you sure you really want me to do this?

ANNE

Myra obey me at once!

The pupils are stunned at ANNE's violent change of personality. MYRA shrugs her shoulders, opens the big square front door of the stove and

throws the innocent looking parcel in. She turns and runs pell mell out of the class.

GIRLS

Why is she running?

Firecrackers go off in a thunderclap of noise that resembles a volcanic explosion; the pinwheels burst out the door of the stove hissing and sputtering and spinning madly around the room.

The girls scream and yell and go into hysterics. The room fills with billowing smoke. ANNE calls for everyone to get of the classroom and into the hallway.

ANNE

Run girls! Girls run! Run girls! Run!

ESSIE catches her skirt on the seat of one of the desks.

ESSIE

No, my skirt is caught! My skirt is caught!

ESSIE has fainted and is virtually comatose. ANNE picks her up accompanied by EMMELINE, wearing her single-lens spectacles.

EXT. HALLWAY/KLC. MORNING

CAPTAIN HARRIS slams the door to BROOKE's office to be confronted by a mass of screaming girls pouring out of a smoke filled classroom. BROOKE follows in pursuit. She is shocked. All the classes run into the hall accompanied by MISS MACKAY and MISS KERR and a blaring electric alarm bell.

HARRIS

Emmeline!

EMMELINE runs up to HARRIS and throws her arms around him.

EMMELINE

Papa! Papa! You came!

HARRIS

(looking at her firmly)

March straight out to the car young lady. And take off those ridiculous looking spectacles. You shouldn't be wearing them other than for reading.

EMMELINE takes off her glasses self consciously. HARRIS takes her by the hand and marches her forward down the hall.

MISS BROOKE

Shut that blasted alarm bell off.

ANNE rushes out carrying a dazed ESSIE. Suddenly she is face to face with MORGAN HARRIS. She knows not which way to turn. HARRIS is surprised but smiles knowingly.

EMMELINE

This is my teacher, Miss Shirley.

ANNE is stunned.

HARRIS

Miss Shirley is it? We've met before, if I'm not mistaken.

ANNE embarrassedly doesn't know which way to look. She stands ESSIE up and tries to get her to come around.

ANNE

(trying to look away)

Yes, sir I remember...

Major BROOKE storms down the hall trying to exert her authority in front of HARRIS.

BROOKE

What in the devil have you done now?

HARRIS

Miss Shirley's got the entire academy awaiting your "remedial discipline" Miss Brooke. I'm quite positive you'll enjoy the challenge. Emmeline come along. You're leaving this fourth grade institution once and for all.

MISS MACKAY

Girls, girls. Get away from that auto car.

HARRIS takes EMMELINE by the hand and marches out the door leaving a stunned MISS BROOKE. EMMELINE looks back at ANNE and ESSIE forlornly.

EXT. KINGSPORT LADIES COLLEGE. MORNING

JEN PRINGLE loiters outside the school entrance watching ANNE, as ANNE hurries outside. JEN looks smugly at ANNE. ANNE walks by JEN proudly ignoring her formidable adversary and determined not to allow the Pringles to have the last word. She watches EMMELINE drive away with HARRIS.

INT. MISS STACEY'S OFFICE. DAY

ANNE sits in front of MISS STACEY who is perched behind a large desk in her comfortable office. ANNE's temper erupts.

ANNE

What sort of things are being said!

MISS STACEY flips through a selection of complaint letters.

MISS STACEY

Well..., Hattie Pringle; you are accused of 'marking down' her papers just because she is a Pringle. Here you are said to laugh at the students

when they make mistakes.

ANNE

What? Well alright I did laugh when Myra Pringle defined an alligator as "a large kind of insect". I couldn't help myself.

MISS STACEY

(laughing, then catching herself)

Oh dear. Mr. James Pringle, the father of Jen Pringle claims that there is no discipline whatsoever at the school since your arrival and he is circulating a report that you are a

(quote)

"Foundling"

(unquote.)

Well, it goes on and on. Almost every Pringle parent has written the Board demanding, not requesting, demanding your resignation.

ANNE

(breathes deeply)

Oh those cantankerous, prejudiced old creatures! How can anyone possibly succeed against such tactics!

MISS STACEY

I'm so sorry Anne. I do feel responsible...

ANNE

(determinedly)

Well, on behalf of the 15 students who aren't Pringles I am determined to persevere.

MISS STACEY pauses. Obviously there is worse to come.

MISS STACEY

Captain Harris has withdrawn his rather substantial financial support towards the college mortgage and several of the other Pringle families are threatening to do the same...

ANNE puts her head down.

ANNE

I see. So you want me to resign as well.

MISS STACEY

Never. The Board wants you to resign. I want you to stay here and make these Pringles eat their words. If money is deemed to be the power behind this institution, well then you my dear Anne, are going to compensate for every single penny that's been lost.

ANNE

But how? Shall I give up my salary?

MISS STACEY

Oh no my dear. Oh no, no, no... I am going to insist that the Board give you a probationary term at least until Christmas. In the meantime might you consider mounting a lavish benefit concert? Highlighting a play perhaps directed by Miss Anne Shirley...

ANNE clicks immediately.

ANNE

It will have to be something with a number of superb roles in it though.

MISS STACEY

(getting very theatrical)

And strong dramatic content. The audience will have to be completely overwhelmed. I think every Pringle parent would gladly pay to see their daughter's names in the program, don't you think! Let's see uh, 100 tickets at \$25 a ticket why that makes exactly \$2500....

ANNE

That's an outrageous price! Do you honestly think anyone would pay for that?

MISS STACEY

Yes, and all the money will go directly to the school.

ANNE

You are perfectly ingenious Miss Stacey.

MISS STACEY

We'll show the Pringles the meaning of the word "capitalism".

MISS STACEY stops and thinks. She goes to a stack of folios and assorted documents and hands several to ANNE.

MISS STACEY (CONT'D)

Just a minute Anne, I think that you should have a look at these old diaries. Mrs. Stanton, our librarian, and I are preparing a history of Kingsport and we literally stumbled across those in the archives. They were written by Captain Abraham Pringle the founder of Kingsport.

ANNE takes them but looks at MISS STACEY quizzically.

MISS STACEY (CONT'D)

My dear Anne, if you want to win the game you have to understand the players.

ANNE

"I see."

ANNE smiles knowingly.

INT. KLC/ANNE'S CLASSROOM – DAY

ANNE stands at the front of the class, reading a short story.

ANNE

“And so, for the last time the old teacher passed by the cruel portrait of herself etched in the wall by her former students. Gertrude glimpsed the old woman's haughty loneliness as she retreated silently into the garden. Shortly thereafter they learned that the hand of death had touched her. And Gertrude was haunted by the realization that she could never thank the woman who had silently given her so much. It was more than she could bear”.

Many of the girls are in tears. Notably, a few PRINGLES

ANNE

At this point in the term I would like to dedicate this short story to each of you young ladies who have made the first few weeks here for me so meaningful. Class dismissed.

MISS STACEY and MISS BROOKE enter as the class is leaving.

MISS BROOKE

What are these girls crying for?

ANNE

I've been reading them a short story, Miss Brooke.

MISS BROOKE

Good grief – crying over an English lesson!

MISS STACEY

Miss Brooke is here to discuss my suggestion of a play and benefit concert.

MISS BROOKE

I think it's scandalous, but my opinion matters little since the school needs the funds.

ANNE

Exactly. I was hoping you would assist me in the coaching, Miss Brooke.

MISS BROOKE

I don't know why you would. Since I had nothing to do with drawing up this ridiculous scheme!

ANNE

The most important question is, then, who shall play the leading role of Mary Queen of Scots? I think –

MISS BROOKE

We don't want any green horn in the role. I'm not going to be associated with anything that isn't successful. Jen Pringle is the only one I can think of who could play the part. No one else has the necessary personality.

ANNE

(biting her tongue)

I can't deny that Jen has a natural flair for...acting.

MISS STACEY

Then it's all settled. Why, I think Miss Brooke will make an excellent coach. And Miss MacKay and Miss Kerr can do the decorations and I'll see to the hiring of the hall and the band. Perhaps I can even entice a famous soprano from Fredericton to sing between acts at no charge!

MISS BROOKE

I trust she'll sing for the creditors if the whole thing flops! But, don't say I didn't warn you!

MISS BROOKE leaves and MISS STACEY winks playfully at ANNE.

INT. TOWNHALL/STAGE. AFTERNOON

The play is coming along in its rehearsals. Several students are helping MISS KERR and MISS MACKAY build a large cardboard castle with drawbridge, set against several flats that are being painted to look like stone walls. The MISSES and their group of students are painting with tremendous gusto.

MISS MACKAY

Make your brush move like furious fire, furiously. shoot out!

ANNE is the overseer, supervising several of the girls now being pinned and sewn into their costumes. MR. McTAVISH, the groundsman, leads the construction of the stage furniture and props. ANNE moves through the hustle and bustle of activity offering her encouragement and opinions.

MISS KERR

Make great big stitches so they won't show.

MISS BROOKE is working with a somewhat wooden group of performers. HATTIE and JEN PRINGLE are being rehearsed in a scene. HATTIE, who is totally ungifted with dramatic power, plays the Italian musician murdered at Mary's feet. She is pursued by several GUARDS. JEN is perched like a prima donna, melodramatically at the top of a makeshift set of stairs and wears a certain look of sly triumph.

MISS BROOKE

I implore you! Don't just stand there like limp rags...

HATTIE

Help me, help me.

MISS BROOKE

Feel it, feel it!

MYRA

Let go the Queen.

MISS BROOKE

Myra, you're using you upstage hand. You're hiding your face.

HATTIE

Help me my mistress, have mercy. Mercy nay I am innocent. Save me sweet lady.

JEN

Will ye slay me too?

MYRA

Drag him away, pluck his hands off her.

JEN

This scene looks ridiculous. I am not gonna lower myself any further.

MISS BROOKE

Hattie you're as stiff as a poker!

HATTIE

I can't help it. I don't want to bruise myself. If I can go down easily, I will.

ANNE hurries up on stage to help. She interjects.

ANNE

You've all seen Essie carrying on. Now do it this way.

ANNE staggers across the stage area crying frantically.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I am innocent, save me sweet lady. Oh!

(giving directions after uttering a thrilling scream and collapsing on the floor)

...now the Queen she orders the guards to halt. But the guards drag Rizzio away. Now Hattie, you try it.

HATTIE follows, poking her hands out stiffly in front of herself; she jerks herself along like a robot. Her death scream is more suggestive of being pinched than of fear and anguish. ANNE gives a despairing groan.

HATTIE

I am innocent, save me sweet lady uh huh, uh huh.

JEN

I refuse to play opposite her.

ANNE

Well, she is the only one who can be remotely convincing as an Italian musician. Do what you can Miss Brooke.

MISS BROOKE

Well, don't blame me if the audience leaves. Once more Hattie, and please relax!

ANNE moves on. She turns and is surprised to see EMMELINE HARRIS standing at the back of the hall. EMMELINE quickly slips out the door when she realizes ANNE has seen her. ANNE follows after her.

INT. TOWNHALL/KINGSPORT STREET. AFTERNOON

EMMELINE hurries down the stairs with tears in her eyes. ANNE runs to catch her. She calls after her.

ANNE

Emmeline! Emmeline!

She catches up to her. EMMELINE won't turn around.

ANNE (CONT'D)

What is it, what is it? We've missed having you in our play. Oh, I'm so sorry about what happened with your father. Once everything's calmed down I'm hoping I can get a chance to speak with him and try to explain.

EMMELINE

He isn't here. He's gone back to Boston.

EMMELINE tries to hold back but breaks down.

EMMELINE (CONT'D)

Oh, Miss Shirley, I've always wanted to do a play... I've never had much of a chance to do anything. Papa will never let me come back to this school. I am to spend the rest of the year with grandmama, alone.

EMMELINE turns away embarrassed at her tears. ANNE's heart goes out to the forlorn little girl.

ANNE

Oh Emmeline... Perhaps I can get another copy of the play. I'll coach you at home, if you like. I'm sure your father will let you come back to college next term.

EMMELINE blinks away her tears and shakes her head.

EMMELINE

I don't think so. I don't think grandmama will either. I had to sneak out while she and Aunt Pauline were napping.

ANNE

Is someone helping you along with your studies? You don't want to fall behind.

EMMELINE shakes her head.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Well, then I shall have to have a chat with your Grandmama.

EMMELINE

Will you?

ANNE

(ANNE nods)

You should hurry along home. You don't want to get her cross. And I promise I will come by tomorrow and I will speak with her.

EMMELINE wipes her eyes and smiles.

EMMELINE

Oh, it's number 10 Maple Terrace. You won't forget...

ANNE

(smiling)

Of course not. Off you go.

EMMELINE hugs ANNE. ANNE watches the little girl run away down the street.

EXT. MAPLEHURST – AFTERNOON

ANNE walks across a sumptuous lawn to a huge mansion.

EXT. MAPLEHURST – AFTERNOON

ANNE rings the doorbell to the mansion and waits as a MAID answers the door.

MAID

Yes?

ANNE

I should like to speak with Mrs. Harris. My name is –

MAID

You can't. She is ill and won't be disturbed. Good day.

ANNE

May I speak with Emmeline Harris, then?

MAID

She isn't allowed to have visitors.

ANNE

Is Captain Harris coming back to –

MAID

Lives in Boston miss. Seldom visits here.

ANNE

Could you tell Emmeline that Anne Shirley came to see her?

The MAID slowly closes the door on ANNE.

ANNE

Thank you.

EXT. KLC. AFTERNOON

INT. ANNE'S CLASSROOM/KLC. AFTERNOON

She moves to her desk. She pauses and then opens a drawer and takes out the old Pringle folio and diaries, MISS STACEY had given her. She takes out a sheet of her best writing paper and dips her pen in the inkwell.

ANNE

(out loud to herself)

My Dear Mrs. Harris: I thought you might be interested in these diaries belonging to Captain Abraham Pringle, which I found in the City Archives. There are some wonderful tributes in here by Captain Pringle to your late husband, Captain Harris. I hope you enjoy reading them as much as I did. Sincerely, Anne Shirley, Kingsport Ladies College.

EXT. KINGSPORT LADIES COLLEGE/GATEWAY. AFTERNOON

ANNE walks across the front lawn at KLC scribbling in her notebook, when a magnificent carriage passes through the gateway and pulls up to the front stairs. ANNE walks over to the driver who is climbing out of his carriage.

DRIVER

I have a delivery for Miss Shirley.

ANNE

Well you're in luck. I am Miss Shirley. Thank you.

He passes her a sealed envelope, tips his hat and climbs back into his carriage. ANNE looks suspiciously at the envelope. She tears it open and reads the card inside as the carriage pulls away. ANNE laughs to herself; her face beams.

ANNE (CONT'D)

So then it's tomorrow at noon is it Mrs. Harris...

EXT. MAPLEHURST/GATEWAY. AFTERNOON

ANNE approaches.

INT. PARLOUR/MAPLEHURST. AFTERNOON

MRS. CAPTAIN JOSIAH HARRIS, an imperious septuagenarian wearing black onyx earrings that reach to her shoulders, sits in a wheel chair beside her thirty-five-year-old daughter PAULINE, presently engaged in needlepoint. The parlor is the size of a football field and is cluttered with splendid out of date and out of fashion furnishings, as well as a large piano. The room looks as though it hasn't seen sunlight in sixty years.

ANNE is shown in by the MAID. She marvels at the richness. MRS. HARRIS is dozing slightly, away over on the opposite side of the room. PAULINE looks at ANNE without saying anything, then taps her mother on her wrist. MRS. HARRIS stirs. A handkerchief covering her face.

MAID

Miss Shirley Madam.

PAULINE

Mama. Mama...

MRS. HARRIS

Good grief girl you're aggravating!

PAULINE whispers to the effect that ANNE is here.

PAULINE

Miss Shirley.

MRS. HARRIS

(slightly deaf)

What?

PAULINE

(louder)

Miss Shirley!

MRS. HARRIS pulls the handkerchief from her face only to discover ANNE standing in the doorway.

MRS. HARRIS

Saints alive, why didn't you say so in the first place?

MRS. HARRIS crankily motions PAULINE to push the wheel chair across the room. CAPTAIN PRINGLE's diaries are resting on the old woman's lap. ANNE ventures forward.

MRS. HARRIS (CONT'D)

So, this is the infamous Miss Shirley. Come to take her pound of flesh...

ANNE

(smiling forcibly)
How do you do Mrs. Harris?

MRS. HARRIS
Far from well. How much do you want for these diaries?

ANNE looks suspiciously at PAULINE and the old woman, taken aback by her abruptness.

ANNE
I hadn't any intention of selling them.

MRS. HARRIS is somewhat taken aback and pats the handkerchief to her mouth.

MRS. HARRIS
Is there any use in asking you to sit down?

ANNE seats herself on the edge of the divan, happy to be relieved of her knees knocking together.

ANNE
Yes... thank you.

MRS. HARRIS
Who else has seen these?

ANNE
No one as far as I know.

MRS. HARRIS
Then I'm ready to negotiate. I will give you what you want if you give me your word not to reveal this monstrosity to the rest of the Pringles.

She lifts the faded, tobacco stained diary with her bony hand, sprinkled with diamonds. ANNE stares at the woman in amazement.

ANNE

I was only hoping I might convince you to let me tutor your granddaughter Emmeline as I understand that she will not be returning to school.

MRS. HARRIS squints at ANNE.

MRS. HARRIS

Oh clever aren't we? Sugarcoated blackmail! You want a regular salary to keep you quiet, is that it?

ANNE

I beg your pardon?

MRS. HARRIS

(to PAULINE)

Innocent as doves, cunning as serpents.

(to ANNE)

You knew when you found that scandalous entry about my husband it wasn't true. I couldn't be true! The rest of the Pringles will be dee lighted to believe it won't they? And make us the laughing stock of Kingsport!

ANNE

(timidly)

Which scandalous entry?

MRS. HARRIS

Oh, so there's more than one, is there? Pauline.

MRS. HARRIS hands the tattered diary to PAULINE who is literally trembling. She slips through the first 25 pages and finds it.

PAULINE

Josiah Harris' ship was burned and their boats taken. Harris and the crew nearly starved. In the end they

(she falters here...)

They ate

(pause)

Jonas Selkirk who had shot himself they lived on him until rescued. Harris told me himself. Seemed to think it was a good joke.

(stuttering)

On occasion papa would get so angry he'd...

MRS. HARRIS

Pauline! Be quiet! That is a lie. My husband never ate anyone dead or alive. Let alone Jonas Selkirk. Abraham Pringle wrote that nonsense to get a rise out of his silly wife. Amy Pringle was notoriously gullible.

PAULINE

Oh, please Miss Shirley, don't show these to anyone. Our Pringle relations might publicize it. We'll do anything! Ow.

MRS. HARRIS slaps PAULINE viciously.

MRS. HARRIS

Now Miss Shirley. How much do you want to 'tutor' my granddaughter?

ANNE laughs suddenly understanding the confusion.

ANNE

Oh you've misunderstood me completely. I'm not threatening you! I just thought you'd enjoy all the other splendid things said about your husband. I never dreamed of telling anyone he was a cannibal.

There is a moment's silence. A faint blush appears on MRS. HARRIS' wrinkled cheek.

MRS. HARRIS

Well naturally we tend to be a little suspicious of strangers in Kingsport, perhaps we have misjudged you. I suppose the child should continue with her studies. Pauline has no time. She's busy looking after me. You won't mention this misunderstanding to anyone will you?

ANNE

(slyly)

I'll try to remember not to...

MRS. HARRIS raises an eyebrow.

MRS. HARRIS

And when do you want to start?

ANNE

Immediately.

MRS. HARRIS

Oh.

MRS. HARRIS squints. ANNE recognizes the psychological moment for stopping. The old woman is Pringle to the core.

INT. PARLOUR/MAPLEHURST – DAY

ANNE and EMMELINE sit down for lessons. MRS HARRIS and PAULINE sit off to the side.

ANNE

If two angles in a triangle are equal to each other, the two sides opposite these two angles are equal to each other.

ANNE notices that EMMELINE is rubbing her eyes.

ANNE

Emmeline, why hasn't anyone replaced your spectacles?

EMMELINE

Well, papa says I don't really need to wear them as much as I do. And Grandmama won't because she's an old skin-flint!

ANNE

Who gave you those, then?

EMMELINE

Mother Superior at the convent in Boston two years ago. Anyway, I'm only supposed to use them for reading.

ANNE

You simply cannot use them anymore. You must have another pair!

ANNE gives up on the topic and takes a book out of her bag.

ANNE

I found another copy –

EMMELINE

Mary queen of Scots! Oh, her very name just thrills me to my fingertips! I don't believe she really murdered Darnley, do you?

PAULINE

Shh! Heaven help you if you wake her up!

EMMELINE

(to Anne) I think it's ever so dramatic, don't you?

ANNE

It's a very challenging role.

EMMELINE

We used to have dramatics and music at the convent. Mother superior said I was quite good at both. She taught me to play the piano too, you know. Unfortunately, Grandmama won't let me touch it.

(looking at the script)

Could we read it together?

ANNE

I think so. I'll play all of the other parts and you read Mary. Let's start here.

EMMELINE

(reading)

“Forgive al evil toward me of all men, deed or device to hurt me.”

EXT. HILLSIDE OVERLOOKING A MEADOW. AUTUMN
AFTERNOON

ANNE has organized a big picnic and spread out the contents on her Macintosh. They bask on the hillside in the golden Indian summer. EMMELINE stands on a rock beneath a tree, now reciting the role of Mary, Queen of Scots from memory. ANNE holds the text and reads the opposite parts. EMMELINE reads Mary's last line as she is led off to execution. ANNE applauds supportingly. EMMELINE takes her bow.

EMMELINE

Yea, I would not bear one heart unreconciled with mine when mine is cold. I will not take death's hand with any soil of hate or wrath or wrong about me but being friends with this past world pass from it in the general peace of love.

ANNE

That was wonderful!

EMMELINE

Thank you for bringing me here, Miss Shirley.

EMMELINE sits down beside ANNE.

ANNE

This will be our secret place, which you cannot reveal to anyone.

EMMELINE

Grandmama never lets me out alone. She thinks I'm liable to be "kidnapped by gypsies". I don't know why she'd care if I was kidnapped. All she worries about is her aching back and her sore feet.

ANNE

Now, now. Old people cling to the way they were brought up themselves.

EMMELINE

Secretly she hates me. She always calls me "the child" as though I may be "the dog" or "the cat". If I make a spark of noise she nearly passes out. She's an old tyrant and someday I'm going to run away forever and become a real actress.

ANNE smiles at EMMELINE and puts her arm around her.

ANNE

Why have you never lived with your father?

EMMELINE hesitates.

EMMELINE

He's very occupied with his business affairs. I was at two other boarding schools before I came to this one, but he brought me here...so I'd be close to Grandmama. And so he wouldn't have to worry about me.

EMMELINE lies down on her side.

ANNE

I'm sure he means to do what's best.

EMMELINE

What Jen Pringle said about Papa hurt you know...because it's true.

EXT. MAPLEHURST – DAY

INT. MAPLEHURST/EMMELINE'S ROOM – DAY

Voice over of EMMELINE's letter to her father. EMMELINE paces the room for the right wording.

EMMELINE

“Dear papa. I want so much to return to KLC. No...I would like to ask you to allow me to go back to KLC next term. I was at the top of class before I left. I’d hoped you’d be proud of my grades. Please understand it was all a mistake. I tried to reach you in Baltimore, but I suppose you never received the letter.”

She looks at the returned letter that is marked Return to Sender. She rips it to pieces as a knock comes at the door. A MAID opens it and steps into the room.

MAID

Miss Shirley is here for your tutorial, Miss.

EMMELINE

Thank you.

INT. PARLOUR/MAPLEHURST.

ANNE pulls back the heavy brocaded drapes in the parlor and opens the window blinds. Clouds of dust fill up the shafts of light which pour into the room.

EMMELINE

Miss Shirley! Grandmama will eat you alive.

ANNE

(primly)

If we are to have our studies in this room, I simply cannot tolerate the gloominess any longer.

EMMELINE is stunned, ANNE fishes inside her carpetbag.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I have a wonderful surprise for you.

ANNE pulls out a hardback music book and folios of sheet music, which she props up on the piano.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Miss Stacey has lent me a Royal Conservatory programme, and you can begin today!

EMMELINE

I can't. Grandmama has forbidden me to touch...

ANNE

Fiddlesticks! It's high time someone reminded your Grandmama what a piano sounds like...

EMMELINE is astonished as ANNE lifts the piano lid and clunks down on the out of tune keyboard.

ANNE (CONT'D)

And it shouldn't be me. You can start with these elementary exercises as a refresher course. You will be on your own though, but it's a step in the right direction. I'll get your textbooks. Play!

ANNE cheerfully whisks out of the room. EMMELINE plunks herself down and begins playing "Barbara Allen" as practice.

INT. EMMELINE'S ROOM/MAPLEHURST. AFTERNOON

ANNE enters EMMELINE's bedroom. She spots a pile of textbooks lying on her desk. She crosses the room and picks them up. As she turns to leave, she notices the open tin box and the crumpled letter lying on EMMELINE's desk. She unfolds the letter and reads it. A look of concern passes over her face. ANNE hears MRS. HARRIS cry out down the hall.

MRS. HARRIS

Pauline, come here girl!

INT. HALLWAY/MAPLEHURST. AFTERNOON

PAULINE wheels her mother down the hall in her chair. PAULINE has obviously been crying. They stop in front of ABIGAIL, the maid.

MRS. HARRIS

We will answer and we will tell them we cannot accept.

PAULINE

Mama wants her stationary Abigail.

MRS. HARRIS

Who on earth is making that confounded racket? That piano isn't meant to be played!

EMMELINE is now plunking out a Mozartian melody, with considerable skill. PAULINE wheels MRS. HARRIS towards the parlor.

INT. PARLOUR/MAPLEHURST. AFTERNOON

MRS. HARRIS is crankier than ever. ANNE hurries down the stairs and into the hallway behind her.

MRS. HARRIS

Get away from there, child! Who gave you permission to play that piano?

ANNE enters the room behind her.

ANNE

I'm sorry Mrs. Harris, but Emmeline must be allowed to devote some time to musical studies.

MRS. HARRIS

I don't believe in young girls playing the piano in public. It tends to make them bold and forward.

ANNE

(in her most patronizing fashion)

Why, I think perhaps you are wise Mrs. Harris. However, I'm told that most of the young Pringle girls in Kingsport have private lessons.

MRS. HARRIS
Oh?

ANNE
You just wouldn't want to be accused of negligence in Emmeline's proper upbringing?

EMMELINE stops. MRS. HARRIS squints suddenly at ANNE as though she wields some unseen power. She relents.

MRS. HARRIS
No. Who gave you permission to open those windows?

ANNE
I just wanted your staff to see how dusty this room is. It needs a thorough going over.

MRS. HARRIS' face is a study. She knows what ANNE is capable of saying to the world.

MRS. HARRIS
Well, have it your way. You young people are all so giddy!

PAULINE snuffles and MRS. HARRIS turns on her.

MRS. HARRIS (CONT'D)
Pauline wants to go away and leave me.

PAULINE swallows her sob.

PAULINE
It's only for the day Mama.

MRS. HARRIS

Only for a day says she! It doesn't seem to occur to anyone that I'd like a day out of this confounded wheelchair.

PAULINE wipes her eyes and summons up a piteous smile while resignedly picking up her needlepoint. In ANNE's presence, EMMELINE's courage mounts. She dares make a remark as she crosses the room to join her.

EMMELINE

You may not have the use of your legs Grandmama, but there's nothing the matter with your tongue.

MRS. HARRIS

Don't you dare to be impertinent child. I know a girl died in her sleep after being impertinent.

PAULINE tearfully looks down. ANNE persists despite MRS. HARRIS' terrifying glances.

ANNE

Pauline, what is it?

PAULINE

Uh, my cousin Louisa is celebrating her wedding anniversary in Fredericton next week, and I was her bridesmaid fifteen years ago, and I'd do anything to be there.

MRS. HARRIS

Well, if I die alone, while you're away, Pauline, I leave it to your conscience. I know what a burden I can be.

ANNE winks at EMMELINE.

PAULINE

Mama please don't excite yourself. I'm not going to go if you're not willing.

MRS. HARRIS

I will excite myself. Can't I have a little excitement to brighten my dull life... Oh, oh my back, my back it hurts.... close that confounded window girl! I feel the draft, Pauline get my afghan and a cushion for my feet.

EMMELINE and PAULINE scurry to do her bidding.

ANNE

Well, you know how people will talk Mrs. Harris if Pauline doesn't go to the anniversary?

MRS. HARRIS

What?

ANNE

Oh, I'm sure in your long lifetime you've learned what idle tongues can say.

MRS. HARRIS

Well there's no need to throw my age up in my face, girl. Oh, this town is full of tattering toadies and don't I know it! I'm not stopping her. I left it to her own conscience.

ANNE

No one will ever believe that excuse.

EMMELINE

Miss Shirley and I can even stay with you, Grandmama.

ANNE

Why, Pauline could probably be there and back in a day!

MRS. HARRIS (CONT'D)

(suspiciously)

There's something behind all this isn't there? Why are you all so set on her going?

ANNE

Because she's a good kind daughter who needs a day off now and then.

ANNE leans over and kisses MRS. HARRIS' leathery cheek.

MRS. HARRIS

Never mind your wheedling ways. Have a peppermint.

She passes ANNE the dish.

MRS. HARRIS (CONT'D)

Oh...Oh my head. Oh I've got such a pain in my head and I'm so tired I can't argue anymore. I suppose that means I am going to have a stroke. Oh.

There is a long pause as everyone awaits her final answer. MRS. HARRIS cocks one eye open to see what effect she has achieved when she realizes she has lost the argument.

MRS. HARRIS (CONT'D)

Alright you can go. But if you catch flu and get sick don't blame me.

PAULINE

Oh thank you Mama, thank you. You're so good to me! I wanted to go to cousin Louisa's so much. Mama...I only have this old black taffeta to wear. Do you think...

MRS. HARRIS

Black taffeta is quite good enough for Louisa Hilton's wedding. She'd go dressed in scarlet that one if I let her... and only waiting till I'm dead to do it. As long as I'm alive you will be decent Pauline Harris.

PAULINE gets up, realizing she should not tempt fate at this point.

PAULINE

Alright Mama. I'm just going to be glad inside and not even think about what I'm wearing. And I'm sure you'll get along with Miss Shirley splendidly Mama!

INT. TOWN HALL. AFTERNOON

The play is even closer now to being ready. The performers are rehearsing in costume. JEN PRINGLE repeats the same scene EMMELINE had performed for ANNE on the hillside, in which Mary, Queen of Scots is lead to be beheaded. ANNE confers with BROOKE on her notes. MISS STACEY watches and smiles approvingly.

JEN

I will not take death's hand with any soil of hate or wrath or wrong about me, but being friends with this past world, pass from it in the general piece of love...

MISS MACKAY, MISS KERR, MR. McTAVISH and the entire cast applaud for JEN as the curtains fall. BROOKE sits sourly in the corner disliking ANNE more every second for the radiance and skill she now exerts over the group, which is at the edge of the stage, in front of her.

ANNE

Well you've all done remarkably well and deserve multitudes of praise. Now make sure you have your lines down pat for next Friday's rehearsal. Uh and before you go I have one announcement to make. Mrs. Captain Josiah Harris and her granddaughter Emmeline, would be pleased to invite you ladies to a fall picnic tomorrow morning. Now if you care to attend we will be meeting at Maplehurst at 10:00am. Please bring a small gift for Mrs. Harris out of politeness for her generosity in hosting this event. You can go home now girls.

The girls exit, excited about the upcoming picnic. MISS STACEY approaches ANNE.

MISS STACEY

It's coming. It's coming...

ANNE

They look wonderful.

MISS STACEY

Quite a reaction from those old diaries, Anne. Goes to show you how my old students always pull through.

ANNE

Don't speak too loudly yet!

MISS STACEY

I just received a letter from Gilbert Blythe. Seems he's finally in medical school.

ANNE

I know. Well, how's he doing?

MISS STACEY

Well, you know Gilbert's so modest, but a...reading between the lines I'd say he's at the top of his class. He wanted to know how you're doing as well.

ANNE

Well, you may tell him I'm keeping out of mischief.

INT. PAULINE'S ROOM. MORNING

PAULINE is getting dressed in front of her mirror in her old black taffeta dress. She has pulled her hair back and attempted to curl the front of it with disastrous results. She looks disappointedly at herself in the mirror. There is a knock at the door.

PAULINE

Come in.

ANNE enters, slyly carrying a parcel.

ANNE

It's only me, Pauline.

PAULINE

Oh, Miss Shirley, how do I look?

ANNE

Dreadful. You simply cannot go in that old thing.

ANNE opens the parcel and brings out a rustly, silver gray poplin with puff sleeves and an exquisite lace neck.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I am gonna lend you my best dress.

PAULINE just about drops her teeth!

PAULINE

Oh my dear, no, no, no... I'm on tenterhooks as it is. Mama might change her mind.

ANNE

Oh, don't be silly. Get up. Take this black taffeta off... you can put this on underneath and can change at the party.

ANNE hurriedly starts to unbutton PAULINE's dress.

PAULINE

But to deceive mama!

ANNE

You wouldn't want to bring bad luck to a wedding anniversary in this black thing would you?

PAULINE

No.

ANNE

Hmm.

ANNE takes a perfume atomizer from her bag and sprays some on PAULINE's neck. PAULINE giggles. She smiles. ANNE sees how simple the woman really is... almost childlike.

PAULINE

Oh! Oh! Oh, now just a whiff! Mama won't approve of this. Oh, apple blossom! Oh how this reminds me of Adelaide Pringle when she...

(Pauline stops)

ANNE

Who?

PAULINE

(she hesitates)

Morgan's wife. The mother of the child. She was my first cousin on Mama's side.

ANNE takes the dress from the bed and holds it in front of PAULINE who giggles like a teenager.

ANNE

I see. Pauline why does your brother never visit?

PAULINE

Oh, Morgan, he's become just like Papa. Always ordering people about. No time for anyone else. Morgan used to be so robust and handsome and Adelaide used to love music and parties.

ANNE

What happened?

ANNE unbuttons the dress. PAULINE hesitates.

PAULINE

Well, it's not Christian to speak of the dead.

ANNE

(persisting, whispering)

Well, how did she die then?

PAULINE

(uncomfortably)

She ran off shortly after the child was born. And died of consumption. The Pringles all blamed Morgan, including Mama. But it wasn't Morgan's fault. Now Mama won't have anything about that reminds her of what happened to Adelaide.

ANNE

That's wrong Pauline. What makes the people in this town hold such grudges against one another?

PAULINE

Oh the Pringles have always bickered a great deal amongst themselves. We're very polite to each other in public, though.

ANNE

I've never seen such ridiculous behaviour. It's absolutely Byzantine! Well, in any case Pauline Harris, you are going to have the 'day off' of your life.

INT. PARLOUR/MAPLEHURST. MORNING

ANNE comes into the parlor holding EMMELINE's hand.

ANNE

Good morning, Mrs. Harris.

MRS. HARRIS

Walking as if we owned the world are we?

ANNE

So I do. Come along Pauline!

PAULINE enters the room. She hardly knows herself with the job ANNE has done on her hair. She walks across the room to pass her mother's inspection before leaving. Excitement over her outing combined with her guilt have given her an unusually flushed complexion.

PAULINE

I...I'm ready to go Mama.

MRS. HARRIS squints.

MRS. HARRIS

Too much colour girl. You look painted.

PAULINE

Oh no. It's just I'm flushed.

MRS. HARRIS

Well you don't smell respectable drenched in scent.

PAULINE

It's just the tiniest...little...bit of it.

MRS. HARRIS

I said drenched and I meant drenched. Turn around. Is that a rip under that sleeve?

PAULINE looks at ANNE. She quakes as she lifts her arm for inspection.

PAULINE

Uh.....no.

MRS. HARRIS

Oh, remember your manners and don't forget to cross your ankles decently when you sit down. And don't sit in a draft either. And don't slide down the banisters.

At this the worm turns.

PAULINE
Mama!

MRS. HARRIS
Well you did at Nancy Pringle's wedding.

PAULINE
Mama, that was 25 years ago. What do you think I am?

MRS. HARRIS
(shooing her away)
Go on girl. Don't stand there jabbering. Do you want to miss your train?

PAULINE
No, Mama.

PAULINE gives her mother a joyous peck on the cheek. MRS. HARRIS sulks.

MRS. HARRIS
And if I'm not here when you come back, remember, lay me out in my wedding dress. And mind my hair is crimped!

PAULINE turns to ANNE and gets some revenge.

PAULINE
I don't know how you'll manage her Miss Shirley. She's such a baby.

PAULINE hurries down the stairs looking ten years younger. ANNE and EMMELINE laugh.

EXT. MAPLEHURST/CARRIAGE HOUSE. MORNING

About fifteen schoolgirls as well as prim MISS KERR, are assembling in two of the HARRIS' grand riding carriages. They are laughing and

carrying on with tennis racquets and croquet mallets. They all have daintily wrapped gift parcels. MR. McTAVISH and his brother are in the driver's seats of two of the carriages. The HARRIS carriage driver, ALEC McGUINNESS strides in front watching for EMMELINE and MRS. HARRIS. The HARRIS MAIDS are packing up the carriages with picnic baskets, dining services, etc. etc.

A GIRL

I never thought I'd ever get a chance to visit Maplehurst.

MISS MACKAY

Ettie, Ettie Pringle get away from there, that's Mrs. Harris' carriage.

INT. MAPLEHURST VESTIBULE. MORNING

ANNE wheels cranky MRS. HARRIS down the hallway with EMMELINE. She winks at EMMELINE. They are all dressed in their outing clothes. MRS. HARRIS is protesting as loudly as possible. THE MAID passes ANNE MRS. HARRIS' hat and ANNE helps put it on.

MRS. HARRIS

This is outrageous. I haven't been outside... If I catch cold girl, I shall hold you responsible.

ANNE

Nonsense! I want you to enjoy the sunshine and all the beautiful autumn colours. We'll have a lovely carriage ride and you can criticize everyone we pass by!

MRS. HARRIS

Criticize? That's a very strange idea Miss Shirley. That's not Christian. It's simply not Christian.

EXT. FRONT STAIRS DRIVEWAY/MAPLEHURST. MORNING

MRS. HARRIS almost bursts a blood vessel, however, when ANNE opens the front door. Parked in front are her three magnificent riding

carriages and a gaggle of giggling schoolgirls.

MRS. HARRIS

What is the meaning of this! Miss Shirley, I won't stand for anymore of your monkeyshines!

ANNE proceeds out the front door.

ANNE

You have such handsome carriages and never use them.

MRS. HARRIS

You put them back do you hear! They've not been out for seven years!

ANNE continues forward and out the door with the wheelchair. ANNE and EMMELINE wheel MRS. HARRIS down the stairs a step at a time.

ANNE

All the more reason to bring them out and use them. Stop being so selfish.

(shouting to the girls)

Good morning girls. You look lovely!

MRS. HARRIS

You bring me back in! Do you hear? This is anarchy! Who are these rabble-rousers? Oh dear saints above I shall swoon. I can't stand all this fresh air.

ANNE

It's such a pretty day, I thought you could host a picnic for the school.

MRS. HARRIS

I don't eat my lunch outside with anyone girl. I'm not a raggle-taggle gypsy. Take me in! Take me in!

ANNE

(whispering to MRS. HARRIS)

Hush now, Mrs. Harris; some of these young girls are Pringles.

MRS. HARRIS
Pringles?

ANNE
Yes. And you don't want them running home and telling tales.

MRS. HARRIS suddenly forces herself to smile sweetly. She nods and waves to all the girls.

MRS. HARRIS
(out of the side of her mouth)
You'll pay for this. If I catch a chill...

Off camera some of the girls say "Good morning Mrs. Harris."

EMMELINE
You said you wanted a day off from your wheelchair anyway Grandmama.

MRS. HARRIS
Be quiet!

The CARRIAGE DRIVER helps MRS. HARRIS out of her chair and into the carriage.

ALEC MCGUINNESS
Good morning Mrs. Harris. You look awfully chipper.

MRS. HARRIS succumbs finally to the compliment and accepts it graciously.

MRS. HARRIS
Thank you Alec McGuinness. Thank you.

She turns to ANNE as they help her into the carriage.

MRS. HARRIS (CONT'D)

Well, what does it matter if I die anyway? I've been living on borrowed time for too long as it is.

ANNE smiles to herself as MRS. HARRIS stands up and helps herself into the carriage with the aid of her ebony walking stick.

EXT. KINGSPORT/STREET. MORNING

The three carriages parade elegantly up the avenue. MRS. HARRIS nods to the passersby. People on the street turn astounded to see MRS. HARRIS and her lively entourage moving up the avenue like a royal procession.

MRS. HARRIS turns to ANNE victoriously.

MRS. HARRIS

Such friendly people! Charming neighbours. You know I don't approve of your criticizing people my dear. May I ask is that all your own hair.

ANNE

(laughing)

Yes. Every bit.

MRS. HARRIS

Pity it's red. But I believe red is becoming quite popular again.

ANNE

Thank you.

ANNE laughs.

EXT. HILLSIDE FIELD. MORNING

EMMELINE leads MISS KERR and the group of girls up and over the hill to her favourite picnic spot overlooking the valley. ANNE and ALEC

MCGUINNESS wheel MRS. HARRIS up the hill in her wheel chair.

EXT. HILLSIDE FIELD OVERLOOKING A MEADOW. MIDDAY

ANNE throws her large colourful MacIntosh past the camera to reveal a bountiful picnic lunch laid out in the grass; complete with silver utensils, linen napkins and a silver tea service. ANNE and EMMELINE look after putting the finishing touches on lunch.

In the background the girls have organized their croquet and tennis games. Even MRS. HARRIS plays croquet out of her wheel chair. She waves. ANNE and EMMELINE wave back. MYRA PRINGLE pushes MRS. HARRIS in her wheelchair. JEN watches suspiciously, wondering how MISS SHIRLEY has masterminded the takeover of Maplehurst.

EXT. HILLSIDE FIELD OVERLOOKING THE CHURCH.
AFTERNOON

The drivers are grouped together eating their lunch. MISS KERR and the girls are sitting down for lunch. MRS. HARRIS sips her tea with ANNE. She is surrounded with ribbon, wrapping paper and little gifts. MRS. HARRIS nods to one of the schoolgirls who offers her a gift.

MRS. HARRIS

And another one?! How delightful! Now, thank you my dear.

ANNE

This is my gift to you, Emmeline.

ANNE gives EMMELINE a small box. New glasses!

EMMELINE

Oh, Miss Shirley! However did you pay for this?

ANNE

I had some lucky savings set aside.

EMMELINE

Oh! Thank you a million times over! Some day I'll make it up to you!

She kisses ANNE's cheek and runs off with ESSIE.

MRS. HARRIS

Now wasn't that sweet of all these girls to give me gifts?

ANNE laughs.

ANNE

Yes, it was.

MRS. HARRIS

Yes, I rather like your laugh Miss Shirley. That nervous giggle of Pauline's it gets on my nerves.

ANNE

Well, I hope she has a wonderful time at the party.

MRS. HARRIS

She's probably over eaten and made herself ill. Like her father, that girl. Course, he never knew when he'd had enough. Did I ever show you Josiah's picture, Miss Shirley?

ANNE

He was very handsome. Full of heroic spirit, I'd say.

MRS. HARRIS

Yes. He was the handsomest man in Kingsport. And he adored me. We consulted each other about absolutely everything. Mind you, we didn't always agree - no. He had his fits of temper. Oh yes, and so did I.

(she laughs)

You know what he did when I bought a day-cap he didn't like?!

ANNE

Can't imagine...

MRS. HARRIS

He ate it! Gave him a terrible stomach pain! Yes, served him right. He was so irked that I had neglected to consult him!

(her laughter turns somber)

How could he go away and leave me alone and crippled like this? Dying was the only thing he ever dared do without consulting me. Well, it won't be long before we're together again. There's no one...no man...like him...nowhere...no

This is a degenerate age, Miss Shirley.

ANNE

What about your son?

MRS. HARRIS

Morgan. Oh, well he managed his money successfully if that's any merit. His father spoiled him. No, he should never have married his cousin. It was a blessing that poor Adelaide Pringle died dear soul; Morgan got what he deserved I suppose.

ANNE

That's a very inhuman attitude for a mother, Mrs. Harris.

MRS. HARRIS

Yes, well we're not exactly famous for compassion Miss Shirley, especially among ourselves. Anyway they're all waiting for me to die so they can get their hands on the money.

ANNE

Perhaps you ought to realize that Emmeline only wants to be cared for.

MRS. HARRIS

(shocked)

Well.

ANNE

If you have any compassion left in your soul, you might spend it on her.

MRS. HARRIS

Children should be seen and not heard.

ANNE bites her tongue. She gets up and leaves MRS. HARRIS alone to join the group. The old woman calls after her.

MRS. HARRIS (CONT'D)

You seem to be very broad minded in your opinions Miss Shirley.

ANNE

(turning back with a smile)

That's the nicest compliment anyone's ever paid me Mrs. Harris.

MRS. HARRIS sits in her wheelchair, by herself, squinting and feeling very unsettled about this outspoken young schoolmistress.

ANNE spies a YOUNG MAN herding a flock of sheep across the field and into a large wagon attached to a hay wain. She hurries across the field waving to him.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Pardon me young man, I was wondering if you would allow my girls and me the pleasure of a hayride to town in your wagon. It would be so exciting, but I promise you...

EXT. MAPLEHURST/GATEWAY. LATE AFTERNOON

A flushed and starry eyed PAULINE is getting out of a democrat assisted by a gentleman, ISAAC KENT. Her mouth drops open when she sees an entourage coming down the street.

PAULINE

Mama, Mama!

ANNE and all the girls are sitting in a hay wain having a sing along as the hay wain, the sheep wagon, MISS KERR, MRS. HARRIS, and all the

carriages pull towards Maplehurst.

PAULINE hurries the gentleman back into his democrat. He drives away as the procession enters the courtyard.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

You'll simply have to go. Good bye.

PAULINE comes running up to help her mother out of the carriage. She carries a bridal bouquet.

PAULINE (CONT'D)

Mama, Mama. What's happened? Mama are you alright? You're wearing a hat. Mama I can't remember the last time you wore a hat.

MRS. HARRIS

Pauline will you calm yourself. You sound hysterical. You've seen me wear a hat often enough girl. Miss Shirley suggested an Al Fresco lunch it was most enjoyable.

PAULINE

I've been so anxious about you mama. I was worried sick the entire party.

MRS. HARRIS throws her afghan in PAULINE's face and smacks her as PAULINE dutifully tries to assist her.

MRS. HARRIS

Will you stop fluttering girl! You fidget me.

ANNE hurries over to the group.

ANNE

Pauline, did you have a good time at your wedding party?

PAULINE

Oh my yes. Oh, Louise sent you her bouquet Mama. The flowers were wonderful. The parlor was a bower...

MRS. HARRIS

Like a funeral I suppose...

MRS. HARRIS indignantly hands the bouquet right back to PAULINE.

PAULINE

And the minister married Cousin Louise and Maurice over again.

MRS. HARRIS

Sacrilegious...

PAULINE

And Molly and Emily send their love. Oh and Emily has the most delicious baby.

MRS. HARRIS

(grunting)

You speak as though it was something to eat. Babies are common enough.

ANNE turns to MRS. HARRIS surprised at her sudden foul mood.

ANNE

Babies are never common. Each one is a miracle.

MRS. HARRIS

Well I had two of them. I didn't see much that was miraculous about either of them.

PAULINE

Mama you're so bright and cheerful today. However did you two get along Miss Shirley?

Several MAIDS come out of Maplehurst to help take in all the picnic things.

MRS. HARRIS

I let her have her head and we got on well enough.

MRS. HARRIS pulls ANNE towards her.

MRS. HARRIS (CONT'D)

I don't care what the Pringles say... I think you're quite good looking.

ANNE

Thank you.

ANNE laughs.

JEN PRINGLE turns away and "accidentally" knocks the key off the back of the sheep cart. The door flips down and twenty sheep spill out into the yard. The YOUNG MAN and the girls chase after the sheep trying to get them back into the cart. Some of them cry "hurry, hurry."

ANNE (CONT'D)

Oh good grief!

MRS. HARRIS is filled with delight. She shakes MISS KERR's hand as the teacher exits the carriage.

MRS. HARRIS

Well, well. Little Bo Peep has lost her sheep and doesn't know where to find them. Good day Miss Kerr. After this I shall be surprised at nothing. Leave them alone and they'll come home bringing their tails behind them.

PAULINE wheels her mother inside, totally befuddled at this change of temperament.

The sheep are uncontrollable and run helter-skelter around the yard in utter pandemonium.

The girls yell "Round them at the garden." "We'll never get them!"
"Help, help!"

Without any warning MORGAN HARRIS suddenly drives through the gateway and into the yard in his shining new motor car. He pulls up past the front entranceway. He pulls up past the front entranceway. He leaps from the vehicle. ANNE looks up in shock.

HARRIS

Get those sheep and that wagon out of here!

EMMELINE looks up to see her father. She runs across the drive.

EMMELINE

Papa!

HARRIS

Emmeline you were told to stop wearing those ridiculous spectacles outside. Your eyesight will never improve if you constantly wear them.

EMMELINE removes the glasses.

EMMELINE

Yes Papa. But Miss Shirley gave me these new ones and...

HARRIS

(cutting her off)

Go inside.

EMMELINE looks around embarrassedly at ESSIE and her other school friends.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I mean immediately.

EMMELINE

But...

ANNE is disturbed at HARRIS' abruptness with his child. The YOUNG MAN, his dog, and MR. McTAVISH manage to get the last of the sheep back into his wagon. ANNE turns to MISS KERR who is assembling the schoolgirls. ALEC MCGUINNESS comes back to organize the carriage.

HARRIS

Hurry up. Young man whose fault is this? Is this your wagon?

ANNE

(to the young man)

Thank you. We had a marvelous time.

The YOUNG MAN grins shyly.

The YOUNG MAN embarrassedly goes to move his hay wain. ANNE turns awkwardly to organize her picnic things. She tries to walk past MORGAN HARRIS, who stands in the driveway with a curious smirk on his face.

HARRIS

Miss Shirley... May I have a word with you?

ANNE stops.

ANNE

You run along, Miss Kerr. I'll catch up.

She turns back to HARRIS, speechlessly. HARRIS drops his guard slightly.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Yes, Sir.

HARRIS

(smiling)

It seems that each time we meet catastrophe lies in my way.

ANNE

Well then perhaps you ought to get out of the way.

HARRIS retaliates. He puffs himself up trying to intimidate her.

HARRIS

I get annoyed when people treat my instructions lightly, Miss Shirley. I gave explicit order that my daughter was to have no further association with Kingsport Ladies College. Would you mind telling me what the devil you're doing here?

ANNE

We've been on a country picnic, sir. Hosted by your mother.

HARRIS

My mother?

ANNE nods

HARRIS (CONT)

She authorized taking out all of those carriages and inviting all those girls?

ANNE

...no sir. I did. And as she had nothing better to think about than herself, I felt it was high time someone tried to help her.

HARRIS

Then you really are as insane as all the rumours I've heard about you.

ANNE

What have you heard?

HARRIS

You wouldn't want to know.

ANNE

Yes I would!

HARRIS

The Pringles have labeled you the madcap English professor. Someone said you had written the most ridiculous story they had ever read published by...uh...something or other Reliable Baking Powder Company? And that you were the silliest, redheaded, mouse of a schoolmistress they'd ever known.

ANNE

Thanks to you, I was very nearly fired! There's a logical explanation behind everything, but you people really are the most narrow-minded, self-centred, quarrelsome group I have ever encountered! I'd like to poison your entire clan! You can't stand to see anyone succeed other than yourselves. Oh, I'm sure you're all gloating over who will fly the victory banner at the end of this year! Well, you have not got the better of me yet!

She turns to go, but HARRIS stops her.

HARRIS

Whoa, whoa. Come back here. You're upset by what the Pringles think of you?

ANNE I don't care to discuss it, if you don't mind.

HARRIS

I'm sorry. You're afraid the Pringle rumours might reinforce my conclusions about you...

ANNE

Your conclusions? Don't flatter your self!

HARRIS

You might be interested in listening to what I actually had to say in your defense!

ANNE

You ought to look around and see if there's anyone you would like to listen to better than yourself!

HARRIS nods and walks abruptly away from ANNE over to his motor car where he begins to unstrap his luggage. ANNE opens her carpetbag and rummages through it. She pulls out EMMELINE's letters and marches over to him bold facedly.

ANNE

I took it upon myself to see that this was delivered to you. I'm sure you're far too busy to forward a change of address to your daughter. If you weren't so self absorbed, sir, you'd realize there's a little girl who desperately loves you.

MORGAN HARRIS looks at the letters then at ANNE quite complacently. ANNE stands before him her lip quivering. HARRIS pockets the letters.

HARRIS

(brusquely)

You can go.

ANNE turns to go and walks up the drive when PAULINE comes out of the house with a parcel under her arm.

PAULINE

Morgan!

(surprised to see him)

Miss Shirley! Wait!

Morgan, I'll be right back.

(she hugs him fondly, then runs after Anne)

Miss Shirley!!!

(catching up to Anne)

Oh, Miss Shirley, thank goodness you didn't let mama see me getting out of that fellow's carriage!

ANNE

Pauline, you're positively trembling!

PAULINE

Oh! It was heavenly! I simply have to tell you everything! Isaac Kent drove me home! He used to be an old beau of mine. Well...no. Hardly an old beau. He never had any real intentions, but we used to go driving round together. He...ah...he...paid me a compliment. He said..."your hair looks as much like molasses taffy as it ever did." I hope there wasn't anything improper in him saying that!

ANNE

Nothing whatsoever!

PAULINE

OH. He asked me to go driving again. Heaven knows what mama's going to say, but...I don't even care! Louisa and I...walked all around the old house. Remembered all of the summers we had spent together as girls...some of the lilac bushes that we planted years ago...

(she tears up)

I don't know...I've just never had such a wonderful day!

ANNE

Pauline, I'm so pleased!

PAULINE

How can I ever repay you?

ANNE

I just wish you didn't have such a difficult time here.

PAULINE

Oh, I don't even mind coming home, somehow. Morgan's here for a few weeks on business. I hope it will be just like old times. Mama needs me. And it's nice being needed, isn't it?

(she remembers the package with the dress Anne lent her)

Oh! Thank you, Miss Shirley!

ANNE

You keep the dress. Heaven knows, you might get to wear it again!

PAULINE

God bless you!

(she hugs Anne)

You've done more than you'll ever know!

INT. BROOKE'S OFFICE/KLC. AFTERNOON

The telephone in BROOKE's office rings sharply. She is sitting at her desk going over the last few details of the evening's concert with ANNE and MISS STACEY. BROOKE answers the telephone with an air of confidence.

MISS BROOKE

Kingsport Ladies College, Miss Brooke Speaking.

ANNE and MISS STACEY continue making notations on their seating plan.

MISS BROOKE (CONT'D)

Why good afternoon, Mrs. Pringle... Sore throat?...Tonsillitis!?, good heavens! I hope it isn't serious...It's not contagious is it?... Oh I see...

ANNE and MISS STACEY both look up.

MISS BROOKE (CONT'D)

No, no... but...no we understand completely. One must not interfere with a doctor's orders. I agree with you Mrs. Pringle. I appreciate your giving us sufficient notice... Thank you... Good bye.

MISS BROOKE, ANNE and MISS STACEY stare at each other, drawn together in common dismay.

MISS BROOKE (CONT'D)

Jen Pringle will not be performing this evening.

MISS STACEY

You can't be serious? Not after all this effort.

MISS BROOKE

We shall simply have to return the tickets and put it off.

MISS STACEY

Until when? We can't afford to re book the hall. And what about the band? I still have to pay for them.

MISS BROOKE

Well Muriel Stacey I told you it was foolish to get up a play this time of year. Don't blame me.

ANNE

Jen Pringle is in no more danger of tonsillitis than I am. This is a deliberate device to ruin the play to try and get rid of me.

MISS BROOKE

(shrugging nastily)

That's an awfully sour attitude! What do you intend to do? Read it yourself? That would ruin it...Mary is the entire play!

ANNE grabs her bag.

ANNE

We are not postponing anything. I'll be back in an hour. Carry on as we planned until you hear from me.

ANNE rushes out and down the school stairs. MISS BROOKE raises her head imperiously.

EXT. MAPLEHURST/ENTRANCEWAY. AFTERNOON

ANNE rings the bell at the front entrance to Maplehurst. A MAID answers the door.

MAID
Miss Shirley.

ANNE
I would like to speak to Captain Harris, please.

MAID
I am sorry he's busy in the study. And I regret to say he won't be disturbed...

ANNE barges in past the maid.

ANNE
I am sorry Annabel; but this is a matter that goes beyond regret.

ANNE marches boldly down the hallway.

INT. MAPLEHURST/HALLWAY STUDY. AFTERNOON

ANNE hesitates and then knocks on the door to the study. HARRIS replies from inside.

HARRIS
Come in!

ANNE opens the door. HARRIS is on the telephone, with a cigar hanging out of his mouth. ANNE marches in undaunted; trying to steady her nerve, which almost fails her when she is actually face to face with him.

HARRIS (CONT'D)
I'll look at the shipment in Boston. On Monday. Alright.

He hangs up the phone and stares speechlessly at ANNE.

ANNE

(terse and rehearsed)

I apologize for interrupting you so rudely Sir. I'll be brief. Because you've withdrawn your financial support from the College, we have been attempting to raise the balance of our operating costs through the production of a benefit concert scheduled for this evening. Now our concert is threatened because Jen Pringle, our leading performer has called in ill at the last minute. Emmeline knows the part cold, we've been studying it together. This opportunity would mean everything to her. I know what you think of me, my methods and the school! But, I beg of you to let her perform with us tonight.

HARRIS

I take it then you job is on the line?

ANNE

I intend to see this through, Sir.

HARRIS

(tries to be as official as ANNE)

You had no business interfering here, Miss Shirley. Emmeline is far too easily influenced for her own good. But under the circumstances I...

(pause)

...I feel I owe you an apology for some of the things I said the other day and for the trouble I've obviously caused. I meant no harm.

ANNE is taken aback.

ANNE

Please. That was my own fault.

HARRIS

Perhaps I reacted hastily taking Emmeline out of school. Pringles like to throw their weight around this community. You might say I took Emmeline's expulsion as an attack on myself.

ANNE

But... I thought you supported the general consensus.

HARRIS

Please... Don't lump me in with that lot. Kingsport is a very insidious town.

HARRIS holds up the letter belonging to EMMELINE.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I am grateful to you for your insights, Miss Shirley.
(softly)

Emmeline may go.

ANNE

Emmeline may go?

HARRIS

Emmeline may go.

ANNE

Oh. Thank you Sir, I'm just dizzy with gratitude.

As she turns to leave ANNE is so thrilled she backs into a chessboard whose pieces go scrambling. She desperately tries to pick up the pieces.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Sorry...

HARRIS smiles and bends down to help ANNE pick them up. He takes her hand and helps her up.

HARRIS

Miss Shirley, Miss Shirley. You and Emmeline hurry along. The Pringles will be sharpening their knives.

ANNE

Thank you.

ANNE bashfully tries to back out of the room. She is totally overwhelmed at HARRIS' gentility.

INT. TOWN HALL. EVENING

A packed audience fills the Kingsport Town Hall. EMMELINE looks every inch Mary Queen of Scots in her velvet robe and ruff and jewels. The cast and audience are awe struck. HARRIS lurks in the shadows under the balcony at the back of the Hall watching with pride. ANNE and MISS STACEY hold their breath waiting in the wings.

As the GUARDS lead MARY off the stage to her execution after EMMELINE's final soliloquy, the curtain falls to wild applause. MISS BROOKE is in the wings and curls an eyebrow in disbelief.

EMMELINE

Forgive all evil toward me of all men Deed or device to hurt me Yea I would not bear one heart unreconciled With mine when mine is cold I will not take death's hand With any soil of hate or wrath or wrong about me, but being friends with this past World, pass from it in the general peace of love...

EMMELINE is exhilarated. She smiles proudly at ANNE in the wings as the entire cast rushes to take their bow. MISS STACEY steps up on the stage.

MISS STACEY

Thank you. Thank you all so much for your...well...overwhelming support for this evening's benefit. I would now like to introduce to you, KLC's brilliant, young English professor. An individual who has overseen every last inch of this [production and whose inspired direction has brought forth such magnificent performances from your daughters. Miss Anne Shirley!

ANNE walks up during the applause and is presented with a bouquet of flowers.

MISS STACEY

Miss Shirley, on behalf of the King's County Board of Education, it gives me very great pleasure to present you with this cheque. The proceeds of this evening's exciting event made out to the Kingsport Ladies College in the amount of two thousand, five hundred dollars!

ANNE

(waiting for applause to die down)

Thank you ladies and gentlemen. It would be impossible for me to speak without having by my side the three other energetic supporters of tonight's event. Miss Kerr, Miss MacKay, and especially our beloved principal, Miss Katherine Brooke; who have all worked so tirelessly on this production.

Applause as the ladies take the stage. MISS BROOKE does so very reluctantly. ANNE gives her the flowers and the cheque and holds on to her elbow to keep her from leaving the stage.

ANNE (CONT)

It was with great trepidation that I began my year here at Kingsport Ladies College. And I owe an enormous debt of gratitude to my fellow teachers and to the parents of my students who all tried to make me feel so at home during my first few weeks in Kingsport. I have grown to love and respect all of our girls at KLC and have found many kindred spirits among them. If we have opened your hearts this evening and entertained you even a little, we have succeeded. Thank you all for your very fine support.

The audience of parents and friends continues to applaud madly at seeing their daughters on stage.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY OUTSIDE PERFORMANCE HALL - EVENING

As people leave, ANNE and EMMELINE say thank you and goodbye.

PRINGLE WOMAN 1

(to Anne) I can't thank you enough for what you've done for my Myra. She's gotten along better this term than she has in a long time.

ANNE

She's a...joy to teach!

PRINGLE WOMAN 1

Thank you!

MRS. TOM PRINGLE

I just hope they all realize what a jewel you are, my dear. I know some of the other Pringles have been abominable, but I don't care what they say. You can board with me next term!

ANNE

Thank you for the invitation!

WOMAN

I had a teacher just like you when I was a girl. You brought back so many memories!

MAN

Congratulations, my dear!

ANNE

Thank you for your kind support.

People surround ANNE with words of praise. EMMELINE takes this opportunity to slip outside and see her father who waits for her by the car.

EMMELINE (CONT'D)

Papa...Papa...What did you think?

HARRIS

(laughing)

You were an angel that stole away everyone's heart, including mine.

(he hugs her)

Come back to earth now for a little while.

EMMELINE

(laughs)

It all feels like a dream.

ANNE tries to get away from her well wishers.

ANNE

Thanks, I'm glad you enjoyed it.

ANNE gets away from her crowd and hurries over as EMMELINE and HARRIS get into the car. She throws her arms around EMMELINE.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Emmeline. Oh, you were wonderful.

EMMELINE

Thank you!

HARRIS

Looks like you single handedly routed the entire Pringle clan.

ANNE

Well, let's just say the winds of persecution have blown over. Thank you, Sir. This has meant a great deal to me.

EMMELINE climbs into the car.

EMMELINE

I'll never forget it as long as live.

ANNE

Nor will I. Goodnight Emmeline.

ANNE smiles and turns away. HARRIS stops her.

HARRIS

Miss Shirley! I'd like you to go on tutoring my daughter so she'll be caught up when she returns to the college. I'm prepared to make it worth your while.

ANNE

(ruminating)

Only if you put my wages back into supporting the college.

EMMELINE is thrilled. HARRIS shakes ANNE's hand.

HARRIS

You're asking me to renegotiate.

ANNE

Yes.

HARRIS

You have a deal!

ANNE

Thank you! GoodNight Emmeline.

HARRIS

GoodNight.

They laugh. HARRIS drives away putting his arm around EMMELINE. ANNE smiles fondly at them.

INT. FRONT HALL/KLC -- NIGHT

ANNE escorts her charges home from the concert. They are all in high spirits.

ANNE

Miss Brooke generously left the light on for us! She must be in a good mood!

(they all laugh)

Settle down. I'll be along shortly to tuck you girls in.

ANNE notices that MISS BROOKE's office door is open. She sees MISS BROOKE standing in the dark, staring out the window.

INT. MISS BROOKE'S OFFICE/KLC -- NIGHT

ANNE walks in slowly and stands beside MISS BROOKE.

ANNE

Isn't that ring around the moon enchanting?

MISS BROOKE

I've seen a good many moons in my time.

ANNE

You haven't seen this one.

(she sits)

Sit down! Let's let it just soak into our souls. Isn't it a marvelous evening?

MISS BROOKE

Don't make a fool out of yourself, please.

ANNE

It was thought in ancient times that when a man and a woman sat under such a moon, they would be bonded together in love for eternity.

MISS BROOKE

Love...if I died tomorrow, not one living soul would miss me. What is it you want, Anne Shirley?

ANNE

To be your friend.

MISS BROOKE

I don't have friends. I don't have your notable gift for doing the queen act - always saying the right thing to everyone.

ANNE

You say you like people to be frank? Well I'm going to be frank. It's your own fault that no one likes you! Katherine Brooke, you are all prickles and stings!

MISS BROOKE

I know I'm unsocial and people hate me. Do you think it doesn't hurt that I'm always neglected and overlooked at social functions? I'm sorry. I've never been able to swallow all the snubs and pokes I've received during my life. I remember every single one. For fifteen years I had to endure relatives who cared as little for me as my dead parents!

(she starts to tear)

I lived in third-rate boarding houses that froze in winter and stank in summer! I've worn their cast-off clothes! Fortunately, I had my grades.

(she straightens)

I made it through college and I paid back every cent! Oh yes, I'm independent now. The truth is, I hate teaching! But there's nothing else I can do!

Look at you. Little messenger of optimism. But how long will it last? Five? Maybe ten years before you wither inside of this...endless monotony. Prepare to join the ranks of cold, uninteresting spinsters who have chosen a professional career, Anne Shirley!

KATHERINE storms out of the room. ANNE continues to watch her as she climbs the stairs and regains her composure.

INT. ANNE'S CLASSROOM/KLC -- DAY

ANNE reads the play review to the class.

ANNE

"...and in particular, the performance of Emmeline Harris who was so convincing in the role of the young queen. The audience was so unexpectantly moved. It is our opinion that this proficient group of young actresses must establish a permanent dramatic society. The Kingsport Examiner eagerly awaits their next production."

The girls applaud amongst their squeals of delight and gossip. The electric bell rings.

ANNE (CONT)

And on that note of praise, I hope you all perform as triumphantly on your term exam next Friday. Class dismissed.

ANNE

Emmeline!...

ANNE gives a copy of the paper to Emmeline as she passes. After the others have left, ANNE notices JEN PRINGLE lagging behind. ANNE is wary of what JEN is up to and avoids looking at her. JEN slowly approaches the desk.

JEN

I'd like to apologize...for the...inconvenience that I caused you, Miss Shirley.

ANNE

We're all glad to see that your health has improved...so quickly.

JEN

Yes. I think that the doctor was overly concerned.

I hope I may stay in the dramatic society - if you're going to continue.

ANNE

Oh. We couldn't do without you.

JEN

(smiling - relieved)

Oh, thank you, Miss Shirley!

Oh - my mother wants to know if you'd like to help with the annual hospital bazaar. If you have the time.

ANNE

(laughing)

Tell your mother I'd be flattered!

JEN smiles and leaves. ANNE shrugs and begins to gather the items on her desk.

INT. HALLWAY/KLC. AFTERNOON

A flurry of girls leaves the school at the end of the day as ANNE walks down the hall. MISS STACEY hurries up the front stairs waving a letter at ANNE.

MISS STACEY

Good afternoon girls. Oh Anne.

ANNE

Hello.

MISS STACEY

The Board was totally enthralled. Better than that... they were absolutely floored when they received Captain Harris' cheque. They want to renew your contract for five years!

MISS STACEY hugs ANNE. MISS BROOKE rises and comes out of her office, carrying a long box tied up with a ribbon.

ANNE

Five years! I'm not sure I could last that long.

MISS STACEY

Well, I think that you ought to write a book about it. Oh Miss Brooke isn't it wonderful!

MISS BROOKE watches ANNE suspiciously. Wondering to herself how she dared reveal so much of herself the previous evening.

MISS BROOKE

Authors are such kittle kattle. I wouldn't trust your description of any of us. Here, these came for you.

MISS BROOKE sullenly passes ANNE the box and turns away. ANNE's face flushes. She opens the box and inside is a dozen long stemmed red roses. ANNE quickly opens the card.

ANNE

Thank you. Oh!

(reading the card)

Thank you again. I would like to return the favour. I'd be pleased to have you escort my family for a short visit to Boston when I return in a month. Sincerely, Morgan Harris. Oh, they're beautiful!

ANNE and MISS STACEY laugh.

EXT. RAILWAY. WINTER/DAY

A great steam engine sails through a blanket of freshly fallen snow covering the tracks as a train moves through the New England countryside.

INT. MRS. HARRIS' COACH/TRAIN. DAY

MRS. HARRIS is lying back in an armchair in her coach, with a damp facecloth on her forehead. PAULINE waits on her with ardent attention.

MRS. HARRIS

Pauline Harris you don't know if you're coming or going girl. Move that hatbox. Not up there girl you'll brain me. It's not safe up there either. Put it back girl, put it back! Lower the blind, it needs to be just about one inch lower.

PAULINE unluckily gives the blind too energetic a twist; it escapes her fingers and goes whizzing to the top.

MRS. HARRIS (CONT'D)

Oh Pauline...Pauline. Now you've done it!

PAULINE frantically tries to pull the blind down again.

MRS. HARRIS (CONT'D)

All that light makes my headache worse.

PAULINE

I'm sorry Mama.

ANNE and EMMELINE enter the coach. PAULINE is in a tizzy trying to fix the blind. MRS. HARRIS reaches for the smelling salts.

ANNE

Well, you've got your colour back Mrs. Harris; you must be feeling better.

MRS. HARRIS

I am completely worn out with all the worry and motion sickness. My stomach is dropping out of me. Why I ever listened to you and came on this trip in the first place...

ANNE

Now, now...we're almost there. Perhaps you'd like some lunch Pauline.

MRS. HARRIS

(interjecting)

We are not hungry. Can they make a decent cup of tea on this contraption? I'd rather drink mud than the tea that some people make.

ANNE

Yes Mrs. Harris. I'll see what I can procure.

MRS. HARRIS

...and see that they wash the cup out properly. I don't mean to be a trouble to anyone...but the way I'm feeling I don't think I'll be here much longer. Then perhaps you'll appreciate me.

INT. TRAIN CORRIDOR. DAY

ANNE and EMMELINE close the door as MRS. HARRIS rattles on leaving poor weebegone PAULINE wringing her hands to know how to contend with her irascible mother.

EMMELINE and ANNE try not to snicker as they move down the corridor. EMMELINE bursts out laughing.

EMMELINE

Poor Aunt Pauline. Oh well, grandmama will sleep for days once we get there. I can hardly wait to see Papa's new house. I've only ever heard of how wonderful it is.

ANNE

I've a feeling we're all here on approval.

EMMELINE

(innocently)

Papa thinks very highly of you, Miss Shirley. He said so.

ANNE blushes and tries to ignore the comment.

INT. CLUB CAR. WINTER/DAY

EMMELINE and ANNE join HARRIS who is sitting at a table in a beautifully paneled club car. Lunch awaits them on a sterling silver service with freshly starched linens. ANNE looks anxiously at all the sophisticated travelers.

HARRIS

Hello, how is mother?

ANNE

(smiles)

She allowed us to order her a cup of tea. However, she is throwing out complaints at the speed of this train.

HARRIS laughs.

EMMELINE

If we like your new house in Boston Papa, can Miss Shirley and I stay with you?

HARRIS ruminates on the idea. ANNE smiles uncomfortably.

HARRIS

Hmm, I don't know if Boston's large enough for two sophisticated ladies.

ANNE

Going from Avonlea to Kingsport was an adventure Captain. I assure you this will be an epoch in my life.

HARRIS

Well, I'm sure you and Boston will make quite an impression on each other.

ANNE

If I can remember not to look as backward as I feel.

HARRIS laughs at ANNE's genuine charm. ANNE smiles.

EXT. HARRIS HOME/BOSTON. WINTER/AFTERNOON

A great carriage carrying HARRIS, MRS. HARRIS, PAULINE, EMMELINE and ANNE pulls up in front of a very elegant steep roofed mansion set away back from the street. ANNE is in awe.

The carriage stops as HARRIS' retinue awaits them and takes their bags. A very attractive maid and an older housekeeper help PAULINE get MRS. HARRIS out of the carriage. MRS. HARRIS complains in the background.

MRS. HARRIS

All this moving about... my neuritis is agony and nobody cares what I suffer.

Two valets look after the bags. HARRIS smiles at ANNE. He holds out his hand as ANNE and EMMELINE march up the grand front stairs. HARRIS extends his hand.

HARRIS

Mother...

MRS. HARRIS looks up.

MRS. HARRIS

So this is what you've been wasting my money on Morgan Harris.

HARRIS, ANNE, and EMMELINE all smile at each other as MRS. HARRIS climbs down.

INT. CONCERT HALL/BALCONY. EVENING

EMMELINE sits between HARRIS and ANNE, sound asleep on her father's shoulder, while the symphony plays in the background. ANNE looks over at HARRIS who puts his arm around EMMELINE.

INT. EMMELINE'S ROOM/HARRIS HOME/BOSTON. NIGHT

ANNE tucks a drowsy EMMELINE into bed. She curls up and snuggles beneath the covers. ANNE brushes her hair from her face and kisses her cheek. She extinguishes the lamp and closes the door to EMMELINE's room.

INT. HALLWAY/HARRIS HOME -- NIGHT

ANNE walks down the stairs and hears arguing in the drawing room. She sits on the steps to listen.

HARRIS

I didn't invite you all the way to Boston to carry on like this!

MRS. HARRIS

It isn't fair, Morgan. It simply isn't fair!

CUT TO:

INT. DRAWING ROOM/HARRIS HOME -- NIGHT

MORGAN, PAULINE and MRS. HARRIS sit around the fire. Mother and son argue.

MRS. HARRIS

The child had got to come back and live with you! I can't afford the expenses and I simply can't stand the trouble! Pauline has got quite enough to do -

PAULINE

Oh, I don't mind mama -

MRS. HARRIS

Please don't contradict me!

HARRIS

Don't be so demanding! She's back in school, besides I thought you enjoyed having her with you!

MRS. HARRIS

I am 79 years of age, my boy, and I can't be bothered with the child. You've got this enormous house! It all comes out of your father's estate,

doesn't it? Huh? I have every right to be 'demanding'!
Why don't you get married again?

HARRIS
I haven't the temperament for it.

MRS. HARRIS
I suppose no one would take you!

HARRIS
Mind your own business, mother!

MRS. HARRIS
Of course, I realize my opinions don't matter any longer. I might just as well be dead. Then you can have the rest of the money!

PAULINE
Please don't say that, mama -

MRS. HARRIS
I will say it! You're two ungrateful children! How many times have I sat up at night, nursing you? When you were little? Sometimes I thought you'd never live to see the dawn! A mother's sacrifices are soon forgotten.

PAULINE
Mama. Please come to bed. It's just the strain of being -

MRS. HARRIS
Saints above, Pauline! Will you keep out of this? Now listen to me, Morgan. I am not going to bed until you give me a decisive answer. Face up to your responsibilities and behave like a man!

HARRIS
All right!!! I shall look into making the arrangements as soon as I can.

MRS. HARRIS
Well. That's better. Goodnight?

She waits for a kiss on the cheek. He complies and kisses his sister as well.

PAULINE

Goodnight, Morgan.

PAULINE takes her mother out of the room.

CUT TO:

INT. HALLWAY STAIRS/HARRIS HOME -- NIGHT

ANNE hears them coming and goes to the top of the stairs to hide the fact that she's been listening. MRS. HARRIS is wheeled out by PAULINE.

MRS. HARRIS

You can't rely on that boy to stay in the same line for two minutes together. He'll toss that child back in my lap as sure as sure can be.

(to Anne)

And what do you think of my son's lack of responsibility?

ANNE merely raises an eyebrow.

MRS. HARRIS (CONT)

I quite agree! Goodnight, Miss Shirley!

ANNE looks to the drawing room with trepidation.

INT. DRAWING ROOM/HARRIS HOME. NIGHT

HARRIS sits staring into the roaring fire. ANNE takes the liberty of sitting down in a wing chair opposite him. HARRIS starts to get up.

ANNE

Please...don't get up. I just wanted to say what a lovely evening this has been. And thank you for giving me such a wonderful opportunity.

HARRIS

I apologize for mother's behaviour. In her condition, sarcasm is her one relief. It's her Pringle nature... I suppose.

ANNE smiles.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

I'm surprised you've put up with all this Kingsport nonsense as well as you have.

ANNE

Well, it has been a challenge...As well as a very good experience. Oh, I desperately miss my Green Gables though.

(staring into the fire)

Watching the home lights flicker across the pond at night...Marilla waiting for me on the verandah.

ANNE looks at HARRIS staring at her. She is embarrassed.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Probably sounds very foolish to you.

HARRIS looks at ANNE longingly.

HARRIS

(smiles)

Can't escape your wholesome Island upbringing...

ANNE tries to hide her sensitivity to the remark. She is unsure of what HARRIS really means. Is it a compliment or criticism. She changes the subject.

ANNE

It must feel very empty living in this vast house all alone.

HARRIS lights up another cigar.

HARRIS

Well, it's an investment really. I'm away so frequently.

ANNE

What is it that keeps you away from Kingsport?

HARRIS opens up a little.

HARRIS

Keeping occupied with the all consuming problems of my business.

ANNE

Running away...?

HARRIS

(shaking his head)

No. Perhaps holding out for a reason to return.

(he smiles)

ANNE

Well, I hope you've found one. I'm very grateful to you for all your hospitality.

HARRIS takes ANNE's hand as she gets up.

HARRIS

Well, I'm very grateful to you for the pleasure of such high spirits.
Goodnight.

ANNE

Goodnight Morgan Harris.

ANNE turns to leave, but HARRIS stops her. He smiles to himself and then looks at her.

HARRIS

Anne Shirley, I hope we shall see you often when I return to Kingsport.

ANNE nods politely and leaves HARRIS standing alone in front of the fireplace.

INT. HAT SHOP -- DAY

ANNE and EMMELINE try on various hats with the help of a SHOPKEEPER. They laugh and giggle.

ANNE

Let's try a new one, shall we?

EMMELINE

Yes! (giggling)

CAPTAIN HARRIS enters.

EMMELINE

Do you think this makes me look older, papa?

HARRIS

Oh, yes, Emmeline.

ANNE

We can't make up our minds which of these hats look more sophisticated!

HARRIS

Neither can I.

(to shopkeeper)

We'll take all of them.

EMMELINE

Papa!

ANNE stares, shocked.

CUT TO:

EXT. SHIP'S DECK/WINTER -- DAY

CAPTAIN HARRIS, EMMELINE and ANNE stand on deck.

HARRIS

Here she is. The great lady of the West Indies.

ANNE

She's magnificent!

EMMELINE

(looking at the name of the ship)

What does "Mistral" mean, papa?

HARRIS

It means a "rough, cold wind".

ANNE

Oh no, Captain. It should be Christened after a delicious, perfumed wind. Like a zephyr.

HARRIS

Then I shall name the next one the Zephyr in your honour!

CUT TO:

EXT. ICE RINK -- NIGHT

CAPTAIN, EMMELINE and ANNE figure skate on a frozen pond. They fall, laugh and enjoy each other's company. ANNE is happy to see the CAPTAIN finally taking interest in his daughter.

EXT. GREEN GABLES/KITCHEN. AFTERNOON

MARILLA and RACHEL sit at the kitchen table with a letter from ANNE. RACHEL works away on one of their famous 'tobacco striped' quilts.

MARILLA
(reading)

...and the excursion to Boston all seems like a dream somehow. Emmeline, who has had such a forsaken life up to now has blossomed and I feel Captain Harris now recognizes the treasure he didn't know he possessed. I am a little weary of living out of a trunk though and I long to feel the summer loveliness of home. I miss you both so very much. With all my heart. Anne.

RACHEL
She's plain worn out if you ask me Marilla. I'm not surprised, the way girls roam the earth now is something terrible. It reminds me of Satan in the Book of Job going to and fro and walking up and down. I don't think the Lord ever intended it...

MARILLA looks out the window, irritatedly.

MARILLA
(impatiently)
What is to be will be Rachel.

RACHEL
And what isn't to be sometimes happens. Riches are all very well Marilla. But if Anne prefers the handsome unknown to Avonlea. Well, there's nothing more to be said. It's in the hands of Providence.

MARILLA closes her ears to RACHEL's nagging. She stares out the window troubled that something in the universal scheme of things has gone sadly awry.

EXT. KINGSPORT PARK. LATE AFTERNOON

A gray twilight envelops the park. The trees are bare and the air is filled with a mist sweeping in from the sea. ANNE reads the letter from HARRIS, smiling to herself.

ANNE

(voice over)

I enjoyed your company in Boston. I hope the term is continuing well in Kingsport and Emmeline is caught up now in her studies. Thank you again. Sincerely, Morgan Harris.

Suddenly there is a swish and a rush of rain. ANNE crosses the bridge, drops the letter, and bends to pick it up. Suddenly a familiar voice comes close to her.

VOICE

Anne Shirley. What in heck are you doing here?

ANNE turns around startled. Beside her stands GILBERT. She throws her arms around him.

ANNE

Gil? You're the very last person I'd ever expected to meet out here on a day like this!

As the rain starts to come down the two scurry breathlessly over to a little gingerbread clad gazebo.

GILBERT

C'mon. The Royal Academy of Physicians is convening here this weekend and I'm here as a delegate.

ANNE

You must be proud of yourself.

GILBERT

Not as proud as I was of you when I read that clipping Miss Stacey sent me about the success of your play.

EXT. GAZEBO/KINGSPORT PARK. AFTERNOON

They sit breathlessly under its roof.

ANNE

That's sweet of you Gil. It's so good to see you.

GILBERT

Well I was actually hoping we'd run into each other. I wasn't sure whether you'd be happy to see me or not, so I..

ANNE

Happy? I can't begin to express my happiness! Let me look at you.

GILBERT

Oh yes. Do I look like a young medical student now?

ANNE

Not a bit. You can't fool me. You are still the same incorrigible Gil. Tell me all the Avonlea news. Have you been back?

GILBERT

Uh, no, I've been spending most of my time with the Stuarts in Halifax. Dr. Stuart's a very prominent surgeon. It's he who arranged for me to attend as his delegate.

(pause)

You see... Christine and I are engaged. It's set for next summer.

ANNE smiles fondly.

ANNE

I'm so happy for you Gil.

GILBERT

(nervously)

I guess that's why I wanted to see you so much; to apologize for being such a fool last summer. You know, I think I understand now what you meant. I meant what I said too and I won't ever forget you.

ANNE

(trying to be cheery)

You turned out as I always imagined you would.

ANNE touches his hand. GILBERT takes her hand and puts it on his face. ANNE stands up not wanting to make this encounter a sad one.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Doesn't it seem like yesterday we were off to Queen's and vying for those scholarships.

GILBERT nods. He gets up.

GILBERT

I suppose you've kept up your writing.

ANNE

Not really... I've been busy and well Publishers aren't interested in those kinds of stories.

GILBERT

Well I wouldn't give up altogether. You know I always thought you should write a book about Avonlea. Change the name, of course, or Rachel Lynde would think she was the heroine.

ANNE

(giggling)

Avonlea is the dearest place in the world, I don't think it's an interesting enough setting for a story.

GILBERT

(laughs and then pauses)

Well, I intend to take Christine back to the Island with me and set up my practice there. Dr. Stuart has a lot of pull in Halifax and would like us to live there, but I don't want any handouts. Besides, any other place just wouldn't seem like home to me.

ANNE

No, of course. The Board of Governors at the college just offered me a five-year contract...

GILBERT

That's wonderful. You've certainly won your way into the hearts of this affluent old town. You won't be lonely.

ANNE

I'll survive.

GILBERT

(looking at his watch)

Well I ought to go. Train leaves at 5:30.

ANNE

Aw, no. Really?

He hesitates, then pulls a note from his pocket and hands it to ANNE.

GILBERT

Oh...Uh I was going to uh mail this but.... A note just isn't the same.

ANNE

(looking at the envelope)

Thanks Gil.

GILBERT

Good bye Anne.

He hugs her like a little lost boy.

ANNE
Good bye Gil.

GILBERT
Don't forget me.

He lets her go and runs across the park.

Standing alone in the gazebo ANNE looks at the crumpled envelope. She opens it. Inside is a greeting card. She reads it to herself. It says: "Congratulations on your success Carrots. From your old chum; Gilbert."

ANNE searches for him with tears in her eyes, as he disappears into the mist. She runs across the park into the mist.

INT. KINGSPORT TRAIN STATION. TWILIGHT

The station is crowded with busy travelers boarding the train to Halifax. ANNE walks along the edge of the platform searching through the windows of the cars. The conductor cries "All aboard."

The train begins to pull out of the station. ANNE turns to see GILBERT getting on the last car. She calls to him.

ANNE
Gil! Gil! Thank you, Good bye.

GILBERT
Good bye Anne.

GILBERT is stunned when he sees her. The train pulls out of the station. GILBERT smiles broadly at her. ANNE waves to him as the car pulls away.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM DORMITORY/KLC. NIGHT

ANNE enters her room despondently. She throws off her coat and sits down at her desk. Her gaze wanders across the wall where she has hung photos of MARILLA, MATTHEW, the old homestead, her graduation picture, snapshots of herself with DIANA, RUBY and JANE, the ocean shore and all her old haunts.

She is overcome with homesickness.

ANNE picks up a pen and chews on the end of it. A manuscript lies on her desk, which she has been tinkering, with entitled, "Rosamund's Revenge". She picks it up staring at it, then in frustration rips it in two and tosses it into a wire wastebasket by her bed.

She pulls out a clean sheet of foolscap; perched over the blank sheet she begins to scribble several ideas.

INT. BENEFIT BALLROOM. AFTERNOON

Two of the members of the Ladies' Committee are hanging a flag proclaiming "Kingsport Annual Hospital Bazaar". The camera pulls back to reveal an army of women readying the town hall with flags, decorations, tables and chairs, gifts and baked goods for sale. ANNE is carrying an armful of linens across the hall when she is stopped by MRS. TOM PRINGLE.

MRS. TOM PRINGLE

Miss Shirley would you help us arrange all these garlands and bunting? This is a hopeless mess!

ANNE puts the linens down.

ANNE

What's the matter Mrs. Pringle?

MRS. TOM PRINGLE

Not one of these nitwits has as much artistic ability you have in your baby finger.

Several ladies have tried to hang garland and bunting festoons but have managed to get them all cockeyed.

MRS. TOM PRINGLE (CONT'D)

Ladies I'm putting Miss Shirley in charge here.

MRS. TOM PRINGLE waltzes away. ANNE gathers the bunches of cedar trim and ribbon in her hand and demonstrates how to tie them into a rosette with a wire.

ANNE

Let me see. I suggest you gather it up in a rosette like this and then we'll hang them with the festoons afterwards.

MRS. JAMES PRINGLE

We were all so impressed with your production at the college Miss Shirley.

ANNE

Thank you.

The ladies all gather round and try to imitate ANNE.

MRS. WALTER PRINGLE

And to think how you transformed Morgan Harris' little girl. He's hardly had anything to do with the poor child since she was born.

MRS. JAMES PRINGLE

Such a tragedy when his Adelaide died...She was a rare beauty. Old Mrs. Harris and mother Pringle are first cousins. And I know how the Harrises have cut themselves off from everybody.

MRS. WALTER PRINGLE

It was Morgan's fault though, she ran away and left him. Terrible reputation with the ladies. They say Adelaide really died of a broken heart.

ANNE is all ears. She pretends to concentrate on her festoons.

MRS. JAMES PRINGLE

I'm sure that he's felt so guilty all these years that he can't stand the sight of the child.

MRS. JOHN PRINGLE

More than likely it's the old lady he can't stand. Well I know for a fact that he has been seeing Elvira Evans... Standard Oil Fortune from Boston. She has been staying for the last two weeks at Maplehurst or so my sister in law tells me.

A lump forms in ANNE's throat.

MRS. WALTER PRINGLE

You've gotten to know Cousin Morgan haven't you Miss Shirley?

ANNE

(awkwardly)

Yes. We've met on several outings. He's very charming.

EXT. VIEW FROM ANNE'S ROOM/KLC -- DAY

CAPTAIN HARRIS picks up EMMELINE as she waves up to ANNE's window to say goodbye. CAPTAIN HARRIS is with a female companion - MISS EVANS.

HARRIS

We're going to give Miss Evans a tour of the old town this afternoon, Emmeline.

ANNE continues to wave goodbye, deep in thought. MISS BROOKE passes by her door and stares...

EXT. KINGSPORT POST OFFICE STEPS -- DAY

ANNE leaves the post office, eagerly walking and reading a letter.

ANNE

(reading)

"Dear Miss Shirley, please accept our congratulations on your book entitled 'Avonlea Vignettes'. Enclosed is our cheque for two hundred and fifty dollars as advanced against our royalties -"

ANNE is immersed in the letter when she hears a familiar voice. CAPTAIN HARRIS is calling to her.

HARRIS

Anne! Anne?

ANNE

Oh, hello.

HARRIS

Anne, I was hoping I'd run in to you. We've missed having you back at Maplehurst.

ANNE

I can imagine it must be very difficult for you to get away from your important guest.

HARRIS

Yes, it is. But please -

ANNE

Don't apologize. I understand. Good day, sir.

ANNE starts to walk away.

HARRIS

May I offer you a ride back to the college?

ANNE

No, thank you.

CAPTAIN HARRIS follows ANNE down the street in his car.

HARRIS

What's nagging you, Miss Shirley?

ANNE ignores him with her nose in the air.

HARRIS

You're behaving rather like a spinsterly old school marm, don't you think?

ANNE

Perhaps that's because I am one!

HARRIS

I say that with admiration! That was a compliment. I am a great proponent of independent thinking. Moreover, I have always held that early marriages are a sure indication of second rate goods that had to be sold in a hurry. Wouldn't you agree?

ANNE stops walking and stares him down. He stops his car.

ANNE

Well you can be sure I am of the first rate kind, Morgan Harris, and I certainly have far greater ambitions than marriage. All that you are insinuating is nagging me.

I about to have a short work of fiction published! I am afraid it has me completely occupied!

HARRIS

Well, let me offer my congratulations!

He steps out of the car towards ANNE. She sees him coming and takes a few quick steps back.

ANNE

Good day!

HARRIS

(holding her elbow)

Anne...Anne! I am sorry. I ought not to have such a back handed invitation. I've been meaning to ask mother to invite you back to Maplehurst.

ANNE

How gracious of you! But my schedule is so jam packed, I am sure I won't be able to squeeze it in.

HARRIS

I take it you'll attend the hospital benefit tomorrow evening?

ANNE

Yes. I'm working as a volunteer.

HARRIS

I shall look forward to seeing you there. Would you do me the honour, Miss Shirley, of reserving me waltz on your card.

ANNE

Of course. I'd be pleased to, Morgan Harris.

HARRIS

Thank you.

ANNE

If I have a waltz space free!

They part company. CAPTAIN HARRIS is left on the side walk, very puzzled by ANNE's behaviour.

INT. ANNE'S ROOM/KLC -- EVENING

ESSIE and another student help ANNE prepare and dress for the bazaar.

ANNE

Well, what do you think?

ESSIE

(dreamily)

You look like a Gibson magazine cover! Perhaps some romantic artist will fall for you and ask to paint your picture...

GIRL

Oh, miss Shirley! I'm gonna wear my hair just like that when I turn eighteen!

ANNE

You darlings! Imitation is the most sincerest form of flattery. Would you run along and see if my cab is here?

The girls run downstairs.

ANNE

Thank you!

ANNE picks up her shawl and hat as MISS BROOKE pokes her head in the door and scowls.

MISS BROOKE

My, my...Going to London to visit the queen, are we?

ANNE

Are you not capable of saying anything pleasant?

MISS BROOKE

No. I haven't your talent for pretending things.

ANNE

You take my breath away with your compliments.

MISS BROOKE

You always have some secret delight, don't you? Don't deceive yourself! You'll never be one of them! Despite you flaunting your string of pearls and making a spectacle of yourself.

ANNE refuses to bite and play into MISS BROOKE's unfriendly game. She walks right past and into the hallway.

MISS BROOKE (CONT)

Morgan Harris is a man of status and achievement. And you, my dear, are nothing better than a teacher.

ANNE

I don't know what you mean, but I honestly feel sorry for you, Katherine. You shut out every spark of happiness around you. I will not be poisoned by your bitterness!

INT. BENEFIT BALLROOM/KINGSPORT. NIGHT

The interior of the town hall has been transformed with festoons and decorations. The elite of Kingsport have turned out in legions for this annual society event. ANNE serves punch at one of the gift booths. MRS. TOM PRINGLE appears at ANNE's side.

MRS. TOM PRINGLE

You are good luck Anne Shirley. This is the largest number of tickets we've ever sold for the hospital.

ANNE

Well, I enjoy helping out any which way I can Mrs. Pringle.

MRS. TOM PRINGLE

Don't get stuck behind that table all night. Be sure to get a dance.

ANNE

I will.

She whisks away. A Viennese quartet is on a podium at the front of the Hall playing Strauss. ANNE engages herself in conversation with several senior members of the PRINGLE clan. She turns to serve another glass of punch and notices HARRIS enter the room with a radiant ELVIRA EVANS on his arm. He nods to various friends and acquaintances as he leads her onto the floor. ANNE watches in disbelief as HARRIS looks right through her without acknowledging her.

A fresh-faced young man, LEWIS ALLEN, comes up to the booth and diverts her attention.

LEWIS

You took the teacher's course at Queen's. Shirley, isn't it?

ANNE

Anne Shirley. Yes.

LEWIS puts out his hand.

LEWIS

Lewis Allen. I remember you won the Avery scholarship and Gilbert Blythe won the Gold Medal.

ANNE

Yes that's right. Pleased to know you. What do you do now, Lewis?

LEWIS

I'm the principal of Richmond Public School. Not the most adventurous place in the world, but uh I've done alright for myself, compared to a lot of others from Queen's.

ANNE searches across the floor to see what has happened to HARRIS. LEWIS is slightly perturbed. ANNE turns back to him.

ANNE

Do you dance as well as you boast?

LEWIS
Better.

ANNE waltzes across the floor with LEWIS. They pass close by HARRIS who is chatting within a group. HARRIS looks up at ANNE. She turns away in disdain. Another partner interrupts and begins to dance with ANNE and sweeps her across the floor.

INT. LADIES' POWDER ROOM/BENEFIT. NIGHT

ANNE fixes her hair, which has fallen slightly askew while dancing. She overhears two other women gossiping as she puts on her coat.

WOMAN 1
Morgan Harris certainly upstaged the Pringles with that Evans woman.

WOMAN 2
They say she's a perfect cat. Worth millions though.

WOMAN 1
I've met her and believe me it will take all his gold to gild a pill like her.

WOMAN 2
A match of adjoining bank accounts, to be sure.

ANNE's face flushes. She hurries out of the powder room.

INT. BENEFIT BALLROOM/HALLWAY. EVENING

ANNE runs directly into HARRIS.

HARRIS
Anne! Anne!

ANNE

Good evening Sir; or rather Goodnight.

ANNE turns to leave. HARRIS walks beside her.

HARRIS

Goodnight? You promised me a waltz.

ANNE

I'm sorry. My card was full all evening. You needn't feel obligated to patronize the local schoolteacher. I'm sure you've paid handsomely for your tickets.

HARRIS

Wait a moment, let me explain.

ANNE

Please don't spoil the evening for your guest by causing a scene.

ANNE slips away.

INT. BENEFIT HALL/BALLROOM. EVENING

HARRIS goes back to the ballroom to excuse himself from ELVIRA EVANS.

EXT. KINGSPORT PARK/WINTER. EVENING

HARRIS hurries across the park to catch up to ANNE.

HARRIS

Anne. Where are you going?

ANNE

I'm quite exhausted. Please don't complicate matters by making excuses.

HARRIS

Elvira Evans is a business associate. For the past year I have been liquidating the last of her father's shipping estate. Bringing her to Maplehurst was a gesture of hospitality. The conclusion of a lengthy transaction.

ANNE

I know when I'm being conveniently excluded.

HARRIS

It isn't that at all. Be reasonable.

ANNE

Why should I. I have no ulterior motives.

HARRIS

You're acting as fickle minded as a breeze. We all go on about you. Even Mother. She absolutely adores you. Under the circumstances how could I have invited you this evening?

ANNE bridles.

ANNE

I certainly wasn't fishing for an invitation. Perhaps it's my wholesome Island upbringing, but I have no intention of becoming "fancy's fool"!

HARRIS

I would like you to come back to Maplehurst.

ANNE stops indignantly.

ANNE

Indeed I don't know why. As Emmeline's governess perhaps? I'll save you the trouble of asking.

HARRIS

I won't lose you Anne Shirley.

HARRIS grabs her wrist.

ANNE
Let go of me.

HARRIS
Please, I would...oh!

ANNE kicks him in the shins as hard as she can. He let's go, keeling over in pain. ANNE is shocked. She tries to help him recover and takes his hand.

ANNE
Morgan Harris, oh I'm awfully sorry, but you grabbed me.

HARRIS pauses, catching his breath.

HARRIS
I want to ask you to marry me.

ANNE freezes. HARRIS stands up.

ANNE
What did you say?

HARRIS
I'm in love with you.

ANNE looks into his eyes trying to understand the reality of his motives.

ANNE
(slowly)
You really mean that don't you.

HARRIS

My life on it. I only know I could never bear to lose you. Would you do me the honour of giving me your hand in marriage?

A harsh reality confronts her with the bite and tang of the cold air.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Anne, what is it?

ANNE

I do care a great deal for you and Emmeline. But I can't.

HARRIS

What do you mean?

ANNE

I mean that for five glorious seconds I really thought perhaps I could marry you. I used to dream of a moment like this. Now, I can't describe it, I need to go home.

HARRIS

You could go back for summer holidays. Rent one of those big old places on the Gulf.

ANNE stares at HARRIS and sadly shakes her head.

HARRIS (CONT'D)

Not the same thing... is it?

ANNE

(shaking her head)

No.

HARRIS' teeth are chattering. He shivers in the cold. ANNE smiles at him with an overwhelming sense of fondness.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Look at you. You're out here without even your coat on! You'll catch your death.

ANNE puts her arm around him; hugging him to keep him warm.

ANNE (CONT'D)

We should go back in. I still have a waltz free. Alright?

HARRIS smiles somewhat forlornly but agreeably. They walk back across the park.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Let's give those old ladies something to gossip about.

INT. ANNE'S CLASSROOM/KLC. TWILIGHT

ANNE is marking exam papers by lamplight on a late March afternoon. A knock is heard at her classroom door.

ANNE

Come in...

ALEC MCGUINNESS appears in the doorway.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Why Mr. McGuinness, what is it?

ALEC MCGUINNESS

You must come quickly to Maplehurst, Miss. Everyone's worried. Mrs. Harris has kept silent all week.

ANNE packs up her bag.

ANNE

Silent? Something must be dreadfully wrong.

ANNE leaves quickly with ALEC.

INT. MAPLEHURST/HALLWAY. NIGHT

EMMELINE partly opens the door to a sitting room to reveal PAULINE sitting beside a pallid MRS. HARRIS in a corner of the room. ANNE turns to EMMELINE.

EMMELINE

She took a bad spell just after Papa left. Now she won't eat or drink and poor Aunt Pauline is beside herself to know what we should do.

ANNE motions to PAULINE. PAULINE hurries into the hallway.

PAULINE

Miss Shirley thank goodness you've come. I'm afraid that she's slipping away... and it's all my fault.

(starting to cry)

Isaac Kent wants me to...to...marry him....practically. He's asked me to join the Presbyterian Church choir league. Mama hates Isaac as much as she did fifteen years ago when she set the bull terrier on him for coming around to see me. I don't think she'll forgive me. I'm so afraid she's going to die...

ANNE

(whispering)

You must choose between them, Pauline.

PAULINE

Oh, I don't think I can live without him!

ANNE

Don't be frightened now, you must accept!

PAULINE

Oh, Miss Shirley! You've always been able to smooth things over with mama. Please try to get her to forgive me?

ANNE nods and enters slowly into the room.

INT. MAPLEHURST SITTING ROOM. NIGHT

MRS. HARRIS has one eye cocked open from her rocking chair desperately trying to overhear their conversation.

MRS. HARRIS seems to be coming round.

MRS. HARRIS

Oh it's you is it?

ANNE

Mrs. Harris please hear me through patiently...

MRS. HARRIS

I'm always patient...very patient.

ANNE

I want you to know that Pauline is greatly troubled. She is of the opinion that she should accept Isaac Kent's hand in marriage.

MRS. HARRIS

I thought there was some foolishness between her and that ridiculous fellow!

MRS. HARRIS looks at her for a moment.

ANNE kneels down beside her.

ANNE (CONT'D)

In your heart you must know it's the right thing to do. The truth is, Pauline needs your forgiveness if she's ever gonna be happy. I advised her to be married. And I beg of you to let her go.

MRS. HARRIS

If you've managed to get Pauline to accept that Isaac Kent you've accomplished more than I thought was humanly possible. At least I shan't have to climb down and tell him to take her.

ANNE hardly knows what to say. She leans forward and kisses MRS. HARRIS.

ANNE

"I withhold not my heart from any joy..." That is Bible authority for you.

MRS. HARRIS

My dear, Man is born into trouble as the sparks fly upwards... Job 5 verse 6 Miss Shirley.

MRS. HARRIS smiles fondly at ANNE then closes her eyes and calls out to PAULINE.

MRS. HARRIS (CONT'D)

Pauline...come....here....girl!

EXT. KINGSPORT CEMETERY CRYPT. AFTERNOON/SPRING

The camera pulls back from the HARRIS crypt littered with floral wreaths and crowded by a great gathering of mourners.

A minister presides over the funeral at old MRS. HARRIS' gravesite. PAULINE sobs on the arm of ISAAC KENT. HARRIS stands with his arm around EMMELINE. A number of PRINGLES and other noteworthy citizens of Kingsport are gathered.

MINISTER

No one can deny Margaret Pringle Harris' place as a cornerstone of our community. It is with great remorse that we turn her spirit over to her master. Though our hearts be troubled with this grave loss, we must remind ourselves of the fleetingness of our own lives and that some day we shall rejoice with Margaret forever in the hereafter. Amen.

The funeral party turns to leave the crypt. ANNE stands back from the group. The group dissipates. ANNE kisses PAULINE.

ANNE
Good bye.

PAULINE
Thank you.

ANNE
You're welcome.

HARRIS and EMMELINE approach ANNE. EMMELINE throws her arms around ANNE.

EMMELINE
We're going back to Boston, Miss Shirley.

ANNE looks up at HARRIS.

HARRIS
Pauline has accepted Isaac Kent. I've decided to sell Maplehurst.

ANNE
How I shall miss you Em. But we will see each other again soon. And I promise you I won't ever forget you, just you mind that.

ANNE hugs EMMELINE.

EMMELINE
I will. Good bye Miss Shirley. There's no one in the whole world like you.

EMMELINE lets go and runs away. ANNE stands up with a horrible lump in her throat.

ANNE

Please accept my condolences Morgan.

HARRIS

Mother mentioned you before she went. She was very keen on you.

ANNE smiles and shakes his hand.

ANNE

She was never one to throw away a compliment. That means a great deal to me.

HARRIS

Will you not reconsider?

ANNE

I've come very close to reconsidering... But it isn't any use Morgan.

HARRIS

(smiles)

I'll miss you, Anne.

He takes her hand gently.

ANNE

I hope you rent that big old house on the Gulf someday, 'cause I'll miss you too.

She smiles then turns and leaves hastily. HARRIS stands alone in front of the gravesite.

INT./EXT. KINGSFORT LADIES COLLEGE GROUNDS.
AFTERNOON

Parents are waiting anxiously. The end of the year giddiness overtakes everyone inside the school and out. The students of Kingsport Ladies

College are laughing and shouting and comparing report cards as they leave the school grounds.

INT. HALLWAY/KLC. DAY

ANNE sees MISS BROOKE at the end of the empty hallway staring out the window.

She walks down the hallway and enters MISS BROOKE's office. MISS BROOKE continues to stare out the window without turning.

ANNE

I haven't had a chance to thank you Miss Brooke it's been such a rewarding year.

MISS BROOKE

Don't be ridiculous, please.

ANNE notices that MISS BROOKE's eyes look somewhat strange. ANNE can't believe she could be the least bit emotional.

ANNE

Where will you be spending your summer holidays?

MISS BROOKE

Here in this fire trap. Where did you suppose?

ANNE

Why stay if you don't like it?

MISS BROOKE

Why...why? Don't trouble yourself. You've paid your lip service. Now good bye. I shall see you next term.

ANNE

I won't be coming back next term. I've given my resignation to the board and Miss Stacey. I came here to ask you if you'd like to spend your

holidays with me at Green Gables. Unless you have somewhere else you're going.

MISS BROOKE looks at her.

MISS BROOKE

An outburst of charity... I'm hardly a candidate for that yet.

ANNE walks across the Hall out of patience and looks MISS BROOKE squarely in the eye.

ANNE

Katherine Brooke whether you know it or not what you want is a darn good spanking.

They gaze at each other for a moment. There is a faint twitch at the corner of MISS BROOKE's mouth.

MISS BROOKE

It must have relieved you to say that.

ANNE

It has. And I've wanted to say it to you for a very long time. But I have asked you to come because the very idea of you spending the summer cooped up in here is indecent.

MISS BROOKE

You asked me because you feel sorry for me.

ANNE

I am sorry for you. You shut out life and now life is shutting you out.

MISS BROOKE arches an eyebrow.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Now are you coming or not?

MISS BROOKE walks across to the window and scowls.

MISS BROOKE

What would you say if I accepted?

ANNE

I'd say that's the first faint glimmer of common sense I've ever detected in you.

MISS BROOKE laughs for the first time in her life it seems.

MISS BROOKE

Alright I accept. Now you can go through the motions of telling me how delighted you are and how I'll have a wonderful time.

ANNE

I am delighted. But as to a wonderful time that will depend entirely on you Katherine.

EXT. VERANDAH/GREEN GABLES. AFTERNOON

MARILLA and RACHEL sit on the verandah at Green gables. MARILLA is knitting. RACHEL enjoys her glass of cranberry juice, while jabbering on as she reads the newspaper.

RACHEL

The murder trials in this Boston paper my niece sent me are real interesting Marilla. Full of heathen, that place. I hope Anne will never go there again. Can you imagine that new minister going on about how he doesn't believe that all the heathen will be eternally lost! The idea! If they won't be, all the money we've been sending to the Foreign Missions will be completely wasted, that's what!

MARILLA

I wouldn't fret if I were you Rachel. Goodness knows the world is full of beggars and it's a pretty pass if we can't help a fellow being in need, Christian or not.

MARILLA has looked up and sees two figures coming down the path. MARILLA stands up and runs off the verandah and up the lane to see who it is. RACHEL squints and calls after her.

RACHEL

Marilla Cuthbert! Don't you be buying any junk from those peddlers just to satisfy your conscience.

(under her breath)

Oh it's an ill wind that blows no good. Come back here you'll kill yourself running.

EXT. LANEWAY/GREEN GABLES. AFTERNOON

MARILLA sees ANNE standing at the end of the lane, tall and starry eyed with her hands full of mayflowers and violets. Beside her is MISS BROOKE. MARILLA runs towards ANNE and ANNE to her.

ANNE

Oh, Marilla!

MARILLA

Anne Shirley!

For once in her life MARILLA is surprised out of her reserve. She catches the girl in her arms and crushes her into the flowers against her heart, kissing the bright hair and sweet face warmly.

ANNE

I'm home Marilla. I'm home to stay.

MARILLA

Oh you blessed child! How I've missed you. We were looking for you tomorrow. How did you get from Bright River?

ANNE

I walked, dearest of Marillas. We left our luggage at the station. I got homesick all at once and I wanted to show Katherine all my old haunts.

MISS BROOKE has joined them now. She is like a fish out of water.

MARILLA

Welcome to Green Gables.

MISS BROOKE

Thank you for having me Miss Cuthbert.

ANNE

Aren't these blossoms fragrant? Smell them Marilla... drink them in.

MARILLA sniffs obediently.

MARILLA

Now enough of that nonsense. It's you I want to hear about, not drinking in blossoms. You must be real tired, Katherine. Come and have a cup of tea on the verandah.

ANNE puts her arm around MARILLA's waist and they walk down the lane to the house. MISS BROOKE tries to muster a smile.

ANNE

Oh, let's go slowly Marilla. I've dreamt of this moment all year. I want to soak it all in.

RACHEL hurries up the lane towards them, waving when she realizes it is ANNE.

MARILLA

Not if Rachel has anything to do with it, she'll want to spill out all the news of Avonlea.

RACHEL

Oh Anne Shirley. I've got so much to tell you! There's so much going on in Avonlea.

ANNE

Oh Rachel, I have so much to tell you! It's so good to see you again!

RACHEL and ANNE embrace.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Rachel, this is Katherine Brooke. Rachel Lynde.

RACHEL

How do you do?

MISS BROOKE

Pleased to meet you.

RACHEL

Come on in now...

EXT. PASTURE/GREEN GABLES -- TWILIGHT

ANNE and MISS BROOKE walk along together.

ANNE

Green Gables never changes. That's the beautiful thing about coming home, don't you think?

MISS BROOKE stops and chokes down the tears that are starting to form in her eyes.

ANNE (CONT)

Katherine? What's wrong? Can I help you?

MISS BROOKE

You can't understand! Everything's always been so easy for you.
(crying)

I'm caught in a trap. I - I don't' think I'm ever going to be able to get out!

ANNE

You don't hate me any longer, do you?

MISS BROOKE

Oh Anne. Hate has got to be like a disease with me! I can never lead a normal life, now.

ANNE

Yes you can! You'll be quite independent and free here!

MISS BROOKE

When I was a little girl, I remember an old faded print on my uncle's wall showing a string of camels around a desert with a palm spring. I've always wanted to travel and see that place. To see the Tajmahal, the pillars at Carnet! I want to know, not just believe, that the world is round. I could never do it on a teacher's salary.

(laughing)

I shall have to go on forever, prating about discipline and the inexhaustible resources of the dominion!

ANNE

I always wanted to be your friend, Katherine spelled with a "K". Underneath all your prickles, you really are a kindred spirit!

MISS BROOKE

(smiling)

Does life never frighten you with its bleakness, Anne Shirley?

This is the first place that I've ever been to that feels like a real...home.

ANNE gives her a big hug as they walk towards Green Gables.

EXT. VERANDAH/GREEN GABLES. AFTERNOON

ANNE holds a round, pink baby in her arms that looks absurdly like FRED WRIGHT. DIANA hugs ANNE. MINNIE MAY peers into ANNE's arms. RACHEL and MARILLA gather round. MISS BROOKE remains back, outside of the group, sitting in a wicker chair.

DIANA

Isn't he perfect?

ANNE

He is the most perfect baby I've ever seen, Diana.

MARILLA

Every baby is the sweetest and the best.

DIANA

Before he came I wanted a girl so I could call her Anne. But I wouldn't exchange baby Fred for a million girls.

RACHEL

If you had an Anne you'd feel the same about her.

ANNE looks at MISS BROOKE.

ANNE

Would you like to hold the baby Katherine?

MISS BROOKE

(stiffens)

No, no...I've never held a baby in my life.

DIANA takes the baby from ANNE and brings the baby to MISS BROOKE in her wicker rocker.

DIANA

Never held a baby! Don't be silly.

MISS BROOKE

I'm afraid of it going to pieces in my arms.

MISS BROOKE strives heroically to conceal her terror as she takes the baby from DIANA. The baby begins to cry and wriggles about. MISS BROOKE holds it to her breast. Surprisingly the baby nestles into her arms ever so comfortably and relaxes immediately. Everyone laughs.

ANNE

There you are, he's taken with you Katherine.

KATHERINE smiles and holds the baby more snugly in her grasp. ANNE puts her arm around DIANA.

ANNE (CONT'D)

It feels so good to see you dear folk again. I want to hear all the Avonlea news.

MINNIE MAY

I've grown a whole inch since you left Anne. And now that squirt Anthony Pye can't pick on me anymore.

DIANA

Can't you think of any more interesting news than that Minnie May!

MINNIE MAY

Did you know that Gilbert Blythe was dying?

DIANA

Minnie May hold your tongue!

ANNE is stunned.

She sits down looking to DIANA and MARILLA. Her face has gone white as though she is going to faint.

ANNE

What do you mean Diana?

DIANA looks to MARILLA.

DIANA

We didn't mean to tell you so suddenly, Anne.

MARILLA

(gravely)

He took scarlet fever in mid term. He picked it up at the hospital in Halifax.

RACHEL

Terrible worn out with school I expect. They got a trained nurse and everything's been done.

ANNE stares into MARILLA's eyes. Shocked at this horror and not knowing what to say. Yet hoping it can't be true.

EXT. GREEN GABLES YARD. AFTERNOON

MARILLA drives up the lane to Green Gables just as the rain begins beating down over the shimmering fields.

INT. GREEN GABLES/ANNE'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON

ANNE is kneeling at the window staring out unseeingly as the air throbs with the thunderous crash of billows on the distant shore. A spray of rain hits the window. MARILLA knocks on the door to ANNE's room. She enters carrying a parcel.

MARILLA

I picked this up at the Post Office. It's addressed to you.

She hands ANNE the parcel. ANNE looks at it trembling.

ANNE

My...my book!

MARILLA

Well don't sit there shaking like a leaf! Open it.

ANNE ecstatically tears off the paper to reveal three copies of a hardbound book.

ANNE

Oh Marilla. This can't be real. They accepted my manuscript last February with a \$250 advance.

MARILLA

You're a great one for secrets.

ANNE

It's not a classic or a romance or anything important. Just a humorous book of stories I did about Avonlea in my spare time last fall. But it's mine, it's all mine.

MARILLA opens the front cover and stares at the inscription page in disbelief. She sits beside ANNE on the bed.

MARILLA

"To Marilla and Matthew Cuthbert for their unfailing love and support and for Gilbert who inspired me with the idea in the first place."

ANNE looks at her proudly.

MARILLA (CONT'D)

You do beat all Anne. Everyone'll think I put you up to it.

(Her tone changes as she stares at the inscription)

That's awful good of you; especially considering Gilbert.

ANNE

(hesitatingly)

How sick is he really?

MARILLA

It's been a bad case from the start. No one's heard anything the past week. He has the Blythe constitution in his favour though,...if God wills it.

ANNE

Marilla there's a Book of Revelations in everyone's life. I've been so wrong..

(she starts to cry)

If Gil were to...

(she chokes to the word)

...not knowing how I really care.

MARILLA

Oh, there there now.

ANNE

What would I do without him?

MARILLA enfolds ANNE in her arms.

MARILLA

We can't change what God determines.

ANNE blinks the tears from her eyes. Off in the distance she hears someone whistling down the road. ANNE lets go of MARILLA. She goes to the window and sees JERRY BOOTE walking down the lane carrying a rake.

ANNE

Jerry Boote...Jerry Boote works for Mr. Blythe. It must be a sign. The worst would be more endurable than not knowing at all.

MARILLA passes ANNE her shawl. ANNE takes a copy of her book.

INT. GREEN GABLES STAIRWAY. AFTERNOON

ANNE rushed down the stairs carrying her book.

EXT. GREEN GABLES YARD. AFTERNOON

She runs into the yard. The freshness of the rain wind cools her dry burning eyes. ANNE quivers getting up the nerve to call.

ANNE

Jerry! Jerry!

Jerry doesn't hear her. ANNE runs up the road to speak to him and catches up to him on the bridge across Barry's pond. She is out of breath.

ANNE (CONT'D)

Jerry, wait! Jerry do you know how Gilbert Blythe is doing?

JERRY

I think, I think he's bad. The Blythes are all hoping he's gonna get better. I don't know. The doctor figures maybe he's gonna have a close shave yet, though.

ANNE holds out the book for JERRY.

ANNE

Will you ask Mr. Blythe to give him this for me?

JERRY

Come with me if you like and give it to him yourself.

ANNE pulls her shawl around her shoulders. They hurry across the bridge and disappear into the shadows of twilight.

INT. BLYTHE FARM/GILBERT'S BEDROOM. AFTERNOON

JOHN BLYTHE opens the door to GILBERT's bedroom. ANNE walks inside. MR. BLYTHE takes ANNE's shawl. GILBERT looks pale and thin. He is lying in bed with a face cloth on his forehead. His eyes are closed. ANNE kneels down beside his bed. GILBERT blinks open his eyes.

ANNE

Hello Gil. It's me.

GILBERT

(deliriously)

Anne.

ANNE

(trying to be cheerful)

I've come to ask you to go for one of our old time rambles in the woods.

GILBERT

Wish I could go.

ANNE

I brought you my book. I've been published Gil.

GIL looks at her vacantly.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I wrote about Avonlea just as you said I should. Without any "high faluting mumbo jumbo".

GILBERT smiles weakly.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I've dedicated the inscription to Marilla and to Matthew, and... to you.

She opens the page to show him trying to hold back the tears.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I was planning on saving it as a wedding gift, and then I just decided I couldn't wait.

GILBERT speaks with a great strain.

GILBERT

Anne, there's not going to be any wedding, anymore.

ANNE

(trying to hold back her tears)

You're gonna well again Gil. I know you will.

GILBERT

(with difficulty)

I called it off. It wouldn't be fair to Christine.

ANNE

Oh Gil,...

GILBERT

There would never be anyone for me but you.

GILBERT closes his eyes. ANNE takes his hand. She strokes his cheeks and puts his hand on her face.

EXT. APPLE ORCHARD – AFTERNOON

ANNE and BROOKE are up on ladders picking apples. Bees and butterflies buzz in the dappled sunlight of the forest grove. BROOKE has changed substantially. Her usual sallow countenance is now flush with colour, and her hair is all pinned up on her head stylishly like ANNE.

BROOKE

(sighs)

Oh, Anne, the summer's flown by so quickly. A schoolteacher really is a slave of time. I don't know how I'm ever going to go back.

ANNE

(laughs)

Don't be silly. There's always another bend in the road.

BROOKE

(sourly)

Bend in the road. There's no bend in my road. I can see it stretching out in front of me to the skyline.

ANNE climbs down off her ladder and stands face to face with Brooke.

ANNE

Katherine, just look at you. You're rosy and healthy. And your hair looks so attractive like that instead of all pulled back. Besides, I happen to know of two eligible young men who've asked about you.

BROOKE

Really?

BROOKE bites into an apple and smiles bashfully.

ANNE

They're gonna be at the bonfire tonight.

BROOKE

Oh, I wouldn't know what to say to them. Will you help me, Anne? They'll just laugh at me and think I'm an old gooseberry.

ANNE

(smiles)

You give yourself far too little credit.

BROOKE

(smirking)

I wish I had your confidence.

(sighs)

I can believe almost anything of this Green Gables of yours.

(holding up her pail)

Well, mine's full.

ANNE

I'll be along. I want to make sure Marilla has three full bushels.

BROOKE leaves. Anne turns around to see Gilbert coming around the corner of the lane.

GILBERT
Hello Anne.

ANNE
Hello Gil. You're looking very robust.

GILBERT
Well, I...uh...I guess I just made up my mind I wasn't going to let it lick me.

(beaming at her)
Care for a stroll down the lane. I don't think there's going to be many more fine afternoons like this left in the summer.

ANNE
(apologetically)
I wish I could, but... Katherine and I, we're off to Alice Penhallow's bonfire in an hour. It's the first party I'm taking her to and she's very nervous. How about I walk you across the pond.

GILBERT tries not to look disappointed. They walk down the lane and out to BARRY'S POND, ANNE carrying her pail of apples.

ANNE (CONT'D)
I was really afraid for you Gil, until we heard you were over the worst.

GILBERT
Well I was lucky I suppose. I'm not quite my old self yet. By the time term starts I'll be in fine form. I'm glad you came back when you did Anne. It meant a lot to me.

EXT. BARRY'S POND. AFTERNOON

They walk across the bridge on the tranquil pond.

GILBERT

I finally read your book. It's a fine piece of work. I knew you could do it.

ANNE

The Publishers are already planning a second edition. It was a long lesson to learn, but you were right. I'm not going back to Kingsport. I'm gonna stay here at Green Gables and write.

GILBERT

(smiles)

Private girls' school was too rough on you, was it?

ANNE

No. It's just that I went looking for my ideals outside of myself. I've discovered it's not what the world holds for you, it's what you bring to it. The dreams dearest to my heart are right here.

GILBERT takes ANNE's hands.

GILBERT

(tenderly)

Well I hope you keep on dreaming. It'll be three years before I finish medical school. Even then there won't be any diamond sunbursts or marble halls.

ANNE

I don't want sunbursts or marble halls.

GILBERT puts his arms around ANNE and kisses her tenderly. ANNE puts down her pail and hugs GILBERT close to her.

ANNE (CONT'D)

I just want you.

The ripples on the Lake of Shining Waters surround them in a million diamond sunbursts against a marigold sky.

THE END

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